

THIRD EDITION.

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ONE SHILLING.

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By John Delaware Lewis

OPINIONS ON SKETCHES OF CANTABS.

" If the author of the little work before us can talk half as amusingly as he can write, he must be a very pleasant companion. A good companion even this work itself is, while its brief converse lasts. His motto seems to have been—

— Ridentem dicere vera
Quid vetat?

And he not only says, in the midst of the satire and fun of his not wholly unprovoked caricatures, many things that are true, but, under the mask of mock gravity, glances at some obvious betterings much to be desired in the tone and manners of a too gent-ridden portion of the new generation of Cambridge lads."—*Morning Post*.

" It is high praise to say of the little book before us that we have read it with entertainment. Many of the classes into which the *genus Cantab* is divided are neatly discriminated—in a style none the less acceptable because the fun is not dragged in by the head and shoulders."—*Athenæum*.

" We have laughed heartily at Mr. Smith's Sketches, and are moved to recommend them to the reader who has a taste for real mirth, sly humour, and gentlemanly good-natured satire. They have much of the manner of Mr. Thackeray, who is evidently a favourite with the writer; but they have nothing of common-place imitation about them, and beneath their surface of banter and *perisflage* there is a good spirit and useful intention."—*Examiner*.

" These sketches, it seems, were originally intended for private circulation only, but the Author has taken a wise course in giving them to the public generally, for a more entertaining little book we scarcely ever remember to have read. The Undergraduate of Cambridge has eccentricities peculiar to his age and situation, and many a well-known character, and well-remembered scene is here depicted with great spirit, and will be recalled with interest to the mind of those who have been familiar with such scenes."—*Observer*.

" In this little volume there is much good sense, pleasant satire, and humour. The writer possesses an acute eye for observation, and a graphic pen for description The University system of tuition, the usual habits of the students, and education in general, are discussed with a ludicrous freedom, which does not, however, much diminish the force of the arguments. In short, we think the test of ridicule very cleverly applied; and the performance altogether to be smart, amusing, and useful."—*Literary Gazette*.

OPINIONS.

"These spirited sketches, though dashed off with a free pencil and in a careless strain, go a little deeper than the surface, and contain occasionally passages which remind us of the quiet irony of the author of 'Pendennis.' There is an entire absence of what the French call *argot* throughout the work, and the Author has managed while describing blackguards to write like a gentleman. It is a capital book to relieve a long railway journey, or a solitary evening." *Britannia.*

"This facetious delineation of the foibles, eccentricities, and peculiarities of University men will afford much entertainment to all who know how very little there is in it of real exaggeration. The different classes of character into which students may be divided—as, the Fast Man, the Reading Man, the Sporting Man, &c. &c.—are hit off with a raciness that speaks much for the merry humour of Smith of Smith Hall, (Gent.)"—*Weekly Chronicle.*

"There are all kinds of modes of giving advice. Commend us to a merry one. We firmly believe this little volume to be likely to do more good to young aspirants to the favors of the Muses, or of other worshipped idols, than tomes of sermons or lectures like Carove's story—'without an end.' If it does not hold a mirror exactly up to nature, it does so most unerringly to the Cantabs of our day."—*Jerrold's Weekly News.*

"Smith, of Smith Hall, whoever he is, has not written a bad book. . . . Any one may wile away an hour or so with great satisfaction over his papers, and obtain some knowledge into the bargain, which may be useful to him when his boys grow up."—*Atlas.*

"It will interest the Cantabs everywhere, by the recollections it will revive of past times and scenes in which they once took part, here graphically reproduced."—*Critic.*

"This book can hardly be ranked amongst those numerous trifles which are destined to amuse for an hour, and then be forgotten. The writer has contrived to insinuate a great deal of good sense into his banter; and has aimed a blow at various Undergraduate follies, which is more likely to take effect from the sportive vein in which it is administered."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

"Among the numerous efforts to pourtray the life of a Cantab 'as it is,' that we have noticed of late years, we must decidedly, for accuracy of description and fidelity of detail, award the preference to the clever little brochure now before us; the author evidently knows his ground well, and we can assure the reader, that should he desire to enjoy a laugh in this dull season, he will be certain to find it in the clever hits off of our University friends. Fast and slow, Trinity and Queen's, all are here. We have heard that the book is not a favourite with certain students; but probably its only fault is that its Sketches are too true."—*Camb. Independent Press.*

SKETCHES OF CANTABS.



SKETCHES OF CANTABS.

BY

JOHN SMITH, (OF SMITH HALL)

GENT.

AUTHOR OF "ACROSS THE ATLANTIC," &c.

THIRD EDITION.

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

IT may seem almost ridiculous to prefix any observations to a work of so trifling a character as the one which now lies before you. There is a circumstance, however, connected with its production to which I cannot help calling your attention, as it is one which will disarm criticism, though it may not altogether secure your approval.

These sketches, then,—originally intended for private circulation only—were written at a time when the author was labouring under severe mental and bodily affliction. The first part, (down to the end of the “Married

Cantab") was composed whilst I was living in the strictest seclusion on the Surrey side of the water; the remainder at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where I am still residing. It is needless to dwell upon the tyrannical Debtor and Creditor regulations of a country, which I am glad to hear from several French gentlemen of this city, is fast going to the dogs. It will be sufficient to beg the reader, in case he perceive any incongruity between the parts, or any glaring error,—grammatical or otherwise,—in the body of the work, to set it down as the result of that anxiety and restlessness which are naturally produced by a constant change of abode.

J. S.

257, Rue Robert Macaire,

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Oct. 1st, 1849.

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THE READING CANTAB.

THOUGH I have known some individuals who have grown positively fat upon Pindar, and come up hale and hearty after a week in the country with Lucretius, still I think I am right in setting down the reading man as pale and thin. Study, though it may make a full man, is certainly a non-conductor of health and corpulence.

The reading man rises at six in the morning. His sleep has been feverish and distempered. The inhabitant of the next room has heard frightful and Aristophanic sounds coming through the partition in the dead of night. He has been involved in a terrible dance with all sorts of mathematical

figures, and received a personal insult from a triangle. Examiners in caps and gowns have been sitting upon his chest, and he wakes with a start from a personal contest with an ancient Athenian.

The first act of the reading man, after saying his prayers, will be to take down the book on which he is engaged, Aristophanes for example. He nods over the first page, and looking up at the window sees icicles hanging to it. At length he is roused by a joke which he makes out by the help of his lexicon, and rubs his hands, and feels half inclined to think it amusing. Engaged in this occupation he hears the ringing of the chapel bell, and huddling on his surplice walks across the court at the rate of five miles an hour. When he rises from his knees he is ashamed to find that he has been repeating the same line from the *Ranæ* over and over again, and catches himself in the middle of the Litany dreaming of Porson.

Coming out of the ante-chapel he falls in with another reading friend, whom he taps on the

shoulder, asking him how he gets on with his conics. Finally he invites him to breakfast, where jam is produced to an unlimited extent. (For I lay it down as a general rule that all hard-reading men are fond of jam. I once knew a very excellent Greek scholar and Aristotelian, who perished miserably in his second year, a victim to that concoction).

At breakfast their conversation is of scholarships, and triposes and medals. Whenever any dispute arises, as to whether Jones, for instance, was fourth wrangler and fifth classic, or fifth wrangler and fourth classic, the Cambridge Calendar is fetched down from the shelf and referred to. They relate funny anecdotes to each other, which consist for the most part of wrong answers in the little-go, and instances of false quantities made by eminent scholars.

At nine, the reading man starts off to a mathematical lecture, and at ten goes to hear TOMKINS lecture on Plato. He is a firm believer in Tomkins,

and relates anecdotes of his having corresponded with Hermann and Dissen at the age of ten.

He conscientiously believes that Tomkins is known all over England, and that he causes a great sensation in walking down Regent Street or the Strand.

At eleven he rushes off to Mr. COACHER, his private tutor, and from twelve to two is hard at work upon his Greek ode, which must obtain (if the examiners are only impartial) the Brown medal.

But perhaps the reading man is seen to the greatest advantage at two o'clock in the forenoon when he sets off for Grantchester with a friend, in a pair of Berlin wool gloves, and the tails of his coat flapping in the air. He is not particular about scenery, and in case it should come on to rain finds out some cloister or covered yard, and paces up and down in it. His theme of conversation is the usual one, and he returns to hall with the first faint streaks or early dawn of an appetite.

In case he be a Johnian it is not improbable that he will take his "constitutional" in a cap and gown. (I once met two young gentlemen of that college, eating bread and cheese in an inn at Newmarket, after their walk. In the course of a familiar conversation they informed me that they had not got hats, and should not purchase them till the beginning of the Long Vacation. It was then January). After dinner, at which he eats but little for fear of becoming sleepy, and incapacitated for work in the evening, he goes off to the friend with whom he has been walking, to indulge in a biscuit and a glass of wine, where he meets one or two quiet men, some one of whom possibly begins talking about "Pendennis," at which he exclaims "Ah! a novel, isn't it?" with supreme contempt. Warming with his second glass of port, (I have no objection to call it port, it being sold as such) he will give you an account of how he once shirked a lecture, and incensed the Junior Dean by only going to seven chapels. On these occa-

sions it would almost seem as if he gloried in the reputation for "fastness" which the recital obtains for him among his companions, just as I have known middle-aged men, who were amongst the soberest and steadiest of their day, to exclaim "By Gad, Sir, I was a devil of a young rake during my college career." But this feeling does not last long with our reading man. As the clock strikes six, he hurries off once more to his room, after carefully selecting his own cap and gown from the heap. (Nothing puts a reading man so much out, as getting any one else's gown by mistake). From six to ten he locks himself in, poring over his books, triumphant in the solution of ingenious problems, compared with which the Sphinx's was only a little deduction after all; or seeking, in a fine poetic phrenzy, for a word of two shorts and one long, to come in to his line. Imagination unfolds her myriad pleasures to his rapt gaze. Now, he is wandering with Plato through the groves of Academe, (taking care however not to

tread on the grass-plats) now diving his hand into a bag, and calculating the chances of bringing up a red, or blue, or green ball.

At ten he partakes of tea, when that infernal jam is again brought into requisition, and perhaps an egg, if it be a festive occasion.

After his three years, he comes out as a high classic, or a wrangler; takes pupils, obtains a fellowship, and dies ultimately at an advanced age in the possession of a college living, virtuous, ignorant, happy and beloved.

Such is the life of the thorough-paced READING MAN, and who shall say that it is after all a miserable one? You and I, my dear friend, while laughing at his peculiarities would be glad enough to accomplish one half of what he has done. The fruits of antiquity are sour in our estimation only because we have been unable to reach them.

But before we take leave of the reading man, there are one or two more characteristic traits which we shall do well to notice. He seldom reads

an English work, and of the history of his native country is strangely, almost supernaturally, ignorant. Passing occurrences do not affect him. He doesn't care how many men are slaughtered on the banks of the Jhelum. *His* heart is at Marathon, his sympathies with the gallant Hannibal at Cannæ. The fields with which he is best acquainted are not battle fields, but rectangular ones with mathematical properties, through which he fights his way to a solution over the carcases of x's and y's. Beautiful landscapes fail to delight him. He looks upon hills, and valleys, and rivers, as interesting or otherwise, according to their capabilities of furnishing a sum. Of course I must be understood to speak of mathematical reading men.

And, *apropos* to this, I can tell the beloved purchaser an anecdote for the truth of which I will vouch. The Rev. Mr. G., Senior Wrangler of his year, and fellow of St. John's College, went some time ago with a reading party into Wales. On his return a friend asked him if he had visited

Snowdon. "Snowdon!" he replied, "what is that?" "Why the great mountain; don't you know?" "Oh! ah! yes to be sure, so it is," said he, "Why no; the fact is we had a little hill behind the house where we were lodging, *quite high enough for all practical purposes.*"

The worthy Senior Wrangler did not conceive it possible that a man should inspect a mountain with any other intention than that of taking its altitude.

Another peculiarity connected with most reading men is, that when they do take a holiday, they take it with a vengeance. One friend of mine, for instance, sets apart a week in every term for recreation, during which he may be seen at distances varying from fifteen to twenty miles from Cambridge, in a velocipede, perspiring at every pore. A second indulges in a ride every now and then, returning home covered with mud, but jovial. A third makes his holidays to tally with Jullien's masquerade nights, and never, oh never, can I

forget seeing my friend, one of the most prim and staid of mortals, descend in chain armour from a Hansom's cab. He was accompanied by a demon (afterwards a high wrangler) from a small college.

But enough has been said of the reading man. Let us laugh at him by all means,—but let us entertain for him at the same time that respect to which his untiring energy, and generally blameless conduct, fully entitle him.

THE FAST CANTAB.

Diametrically opposed to the individual of whom we have just been treating is the fast man, or undergraduate "up to a thing or two." Yet, so hateful has this term "fast" become, that even the fastest of the fast repudiate it with scorn, refusing to be called by so obnoxious an epithet. "Dam'me Sir," says little Snuffle to me the other day, "I wouldn't have such a reputation as that signifies for all the world"; and about three hours afterwards I saw Snuffle led in between two gyps, with a face corked like Othello's in private theatricals, and the claws of lobsters sticking out of his waistcoat pockets.

The fast man usually rises at a late hour. His slumbers have been possibly somewhat disturbed by duns, but he has not got out of bed on that account, contenting himself with throwing boots at them. He has a strong sensation of rum-punch in his mouth, and generally a recollection of having made a fool of himself, over-night. He accordingly absorbs pale ale, which cheers him; and after vainly attempting to pick the wing of a chicken, sits down to his "*Bell's Life.*" At about half-past one, three or four jovial spirits drop in to see if there is any "lunch or breakfast, or whatever you call it," going forward. They fight for the remaining leg of the fowl, until one more nimble than the rest carries it off on the top of his fork; the remainder content themselves with scraps of food and potted meats. After their meal they draw round the fire, taking down the meerchaums from the wall, and vociferating for more beer. You see their dull, blood-shot eyes leering through the glass bottom of the pewter, as they pass it round

till the last drop is drained. Perhaps some gentleman may require liquor of a more stimulating description, in which case the kettle is put upon the fire, and the brandy-bottle and whisky-bottle produced. He stirs about the mixture with the handle of his fork, and glances admiringly at his diamond ring (price £5. 12s. 6d. credit; indeed the only articles which this class of gentry ever pay for, on the spot, are their own excesses. For these they pay dearly indeed.)

About this time the conversation grows languid, and has to be supported by oaths and *recherché* expressions. The old bed-maker clears away the things, and hurries out of the room as fast as she can. She is an honest woman, the mother of an honest family, but they do not much respect her feelings, as indeed how should they? “*She don't care, dam'me, she's used to it. Good God! you don't suppose those sort of people care what you say?*” exclaims Higgins, who is himself the son of a retired oilman, “Besides, if she did, I'd precious

soon show her what's what." After this a ride across the country is proposed, and three of them sally forth elate at being seen by their friends on the tops of horses, but perhaps on the whole uncomfortable. The amusement for the most part consists in galloping violently over wheat and seeds, and turning back again into the road where there is no gap visible. Sometimes indeed—but let us drop a curtain over this part of the affair. Did you ever see Wright in the character of a cockney, compelled to fight a duel against his will? Well, I too have seen a would-be sportsman, riding at a two foot ditch. I have *seen* this, I say; but his pallor, his agony, the situation of his legs on coming down, the unnatural elevation of . . . who shall describe it?

It entirely depends upon circumstances whether the fast man dines in the hall of his college or not. Should he do so, he has in general partaken of breakfast much too lately, and drunk a great deal too many glasses of brandy and water to have

an appetite. Swearing at the waiters, flipping bread into the eyes of his neighbour, and relating in a loud tone his choice adventures to the disgust of any sensible man who may happen to sit near him; these are generally his employments during that festive period. I know many fast men who deem it "low" to be seen in hall. They prefer getting the same things at an inn, or sponging upon their acquaintance for a meal. Well, every one to his taste.

The fast man at length departs to his WINE, (and "Thank God for it!" exclaims the sensible person above alluded to, who eats his pudding in peace.) I repeat it, and with the same tremendous emphasis,—to his WINE.

If I were a lofty genius, and a transcendant writer, such as our own immortal Shakespere, for instance, or Mr. Albert Smith; if I united the knowledge of human nature of a Dickens with the critical powers of a Lester; the humour of Thackeray with the chaste and lucid style of Whewell,

then and then only could I do justice to those horrible and pernicious assemblies denominated wine parties. I would enter on a crusade against them. I would be Sir Charles Napier, and they should be my Scinde. I would come in like a simoon of the Desert, or stand behind the guests as an Egyptian skeleton, and frighten them from their unhallowed banquet. But, alas! *non omnia possumus omnes*. I suppose the same thing will go on to the end of the chapter—our grandsons will sit round a table, and smoke, and drink fine old crusted at thirty-two, and lie frightfully, just like their forefathers. Fancy four and twenty freshmen (for it is amongst freshmen that the mania for the most part obtains)—fancy, I say, four and twenty freshmen, about three of whom have been in the habit of drinking more than three glasses at home, sitting all together in a long room, flushed with relating their own adventures, gorged with feeding, blind with tobacco-smoke, and drunk with decoction of bark and red-lead.

Fancy their conversation; their vapid, unmeaning jokes; their anathemas against their tutor, and dean, and lecturer, and every one who has authority over them; their recital of their own adventures, the stone walls at which they have ridden, the policemen and partridges they have brought down, the lamps they have broken, the lovely women of real respectability and high connexions who have smiled at their addresses, the absence of all end and purpose from their talk, the banishment of all truly delightful and agreeable topics, voted "slow," the ill-suppressed sneer at religion, and contempt for everything but their own inane pursuits. Fancy all this and a great deal more, oh beloved reader, and you will have some idea of what a fast-wine party must be.

From this scene of social enjoyment to which our youth are addicted, the fast man hurries off to chapel with curses both loud and deep. He comes in very late with his surplice unbuttoned, and holds his prayer book upside down. Who has not

beheld those flushed cheeks, that dishevelled head of hair, those vinous eyes beaming upon him from an opposite bench? After chapel, there are a variety of choice and intellectual amusements in which the fast man may indulge. There are his billiards, his whist, his *soirées* at the "Emperor's Head," with ostlers, and horse-dealers and black-legs. There is his walk up and down the King's Parade of a Sunday Evening, his unlimited *loo*, &c. &c., the whole to top up with that glorious supper at which he sings so many songs, and remembers next morning to have aimed a potatoe at the nose of his entertainer. And, pretty much in this way does the fast man go on from day to day, going to bed or being carried there, at three, and rising at twelve. He hates the University, as a matter of course, longing for the time, as he tells you, when he is to get out into the world. To remain for any length of time by himself would be about as insupportable to him as to have to read a paper which was not "Bell's Life," or a

novel without a seduction in it. He accordingly frequents large and tumultuous assemblies of his fellow-students, where the drink is champagne, and the play high, not reflecting that he will have to grudge himself a penny in after-life, and be content with swipes.

I confess that there is no sight so painful to me as that of the son of a highly respectable country clergyman with a large family and an income of five hundred a year, or perhaps six at the outside, cutting cards for half sovereigns, or betting in "ponies" on the next Derby and St. Leger. And yet, have not some of our most illustrious dandies and exquisites been men of this sort? Have they not been looked upon with greater respect and admiration than mere virtue and talent could command? But I am growing sentimental. This will never do. It would be of course absurd to lay it down that the fast man is always plucked for his little-go, because, just as you may occasionally pick out a subordinate minister who is neither

a Grey, nor an Elliot, so also in the midst of these ninnies you will every now and then light upon a clever man. Yet, it cannot be denied that of the number who annually fail at this examination, a large proportion belong to the class whom we are attempting to describe. It is curious to witness the effect which the approach of that epoch in his life produces on the habits of the fast man. For a whole term he repairs to a "coach," from whom he expects to gain a thorough knowledge of Paley. He secludes himself from the haunts of men. After vain attempts to comprehend the first chapter he learns it off by rote, and in the senate house answers every question wrong. It is not uncommon to hear from a young gentleman, who confesses that he cannot understand one word of Paley's Evidences, that he is going to the bar, and that he hopes to succeed there too! "Do you really suppose there's any law-book harder than *that*?" he cries "blow it, I don't believe you."

I remember an acquaintance of mine of this sort,

once going into an examination where he was requested to draw a map of Judæa, marking the principal localities. The following was, as nearly as possible, the result of his labors.



* This is the place, were the man fell among thieves.

To describe all the follies, and wickednesses of fast men, whether in the University, or the great world itself, would require the application of a whole life time. Methuselah or old Parr might have devoted a spare half century or so, to the work, but even then it would have been miserably incomplete. No living man could accomplish such a thing. Mr. G. P. R. James himself, couldn't do it.

For the time would fail me to tell of the tattered gowns and broken caps, the resplendent jewellery, the false taste, the heavy over-coats with saucer buttons, the pea green cut-aways, and tulip bearing stocks, with which this class of characters delight to adorn their persons; the opera-dancers who smirk upon you from the walls of their apartments, the sportsmen in full cry over the mantel-piece, the select French prints which are taken down on the night before the expected visit from Mamma, and replaced by portraits of Niebuhr, and Hermann, and Tomkins, and other great historical scholars, the shifts and manœuvres to evade duns, the call of the proctor's man for *that* six and eight pence, the contempt for study, the soda water, the obscene jest, the blasphemous story—but hold! any man who takes the trouble to think might go on for ever harping upon the peculiarities of the fast man. We have said enough.

May it be the proud boast of our great grandsons—I don't say that it will be, but only *may* it

be their boast—that when one of them in the year Anno Domini 1949, took up the pen to write “Sketches of Undergraduates” after the model of that famous work, published just a century before, he was unable to introduce the “fast man” into his volume, simply because no such character was in existence. He looked for one, just as we look for stage coaches, but found him not. I can fancy a passage occurring in the preface, as follows:

“It sêms strang” (fonetic writing of some kind or other will have come into vogue in that day) “that in luking at an old buk wîch has cum into mi hands, called ‘Sketches of Undergraduates in 1849,’ I notiss the introduxion ov a pâper on ‘făst men.’

“From the descripshun he must hav bêñ a curious bêing; fortunateli for us nun such exists now. He has păst awa, like Kăpital Punishment, and the Paliss Cort, and Onorăry Degrêse, the reliics of a darc and barberus age.”

May such be the case! That’s all I can say.

THE BOATING CANTAB.

I hold the boating man to be one of the most nauseous specimens of undergraduate life that it will be my misfortune to have to submit to the reader. Of course, when I say this I do not allude to those who, indulging moderately in aquatic amusements, derive health as well as pleasure from the pursuit, but rather to that body of men (not a small one, I am sorry to say,) the object of whose life appears then only to have been permanently attained, when they have succeeded in placing their crew at what they call "the head of the river." We have all of us heard life compared to a race, but that is no reason why it should be made a boat-race of throughout.

The thorough-paced boating undergraduate

begins to feel existence sweet when the time for the "pair-oars" and "sculls" comes on. His first act will most probably be to purchase (in common with the sporting undergraduate of whom I intend to treat shortly) a small blank book in which to register his bets. About this period also, a new pair of club pantaloons will become necessary, with sundry other articles, not to speak of a few fancy shirts with red and blue boats floating on the waves of calico. Thus accoutred he takes his stand upon the steps of Trinity, and feels that life has indeed set in.

Perhaps it may be expected of me that I should give in this place some account of the mysteries of training. But this is a subject on which I feel myself incompetent to speak. I am in the habit of eating vegetables all the year round, and most commonly of taking a cigar after my dinner. I have at present no symptoms of a heart-complaint; I can sit down upon a chair without first putting a pillow under me, and if I were to prick my finger

in any part with a pin, blood would come out, and not water. It is consequently not in my power to speak from experience. But I have heard of some pleasures that are so exquisite, that they can hardly at times be distinguished from pain. I am inclined to put down training as one of these exquisite pleasures.

And, indeed my knowledge of the boating undergraduate when engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, is altogether so small, that I don't know whether it would not be better simply to give a short account of a scene which I once saw on the noble Cam, in company with an aquatic friend. It was in those ever memorable days when St. John's and Trinity were contending for the first place, that we sallied out of the noble gateway of our college, on one fine evening of May. Streams of young gentlemen (some in flannel trousers, and bundles under their arms, others with flags, others in the black cloth pantaloons, and blue stockings of every-day Johnian

costume) were pouring down to the appointed place, reminding me of Newgate Street on the morning of a favorite execution. Arrived at a jutting promontory opposite the village of Chesterton, we were ferried across for the sum of one penny, and a brisk walk through the assembling crowd brought us to the neighbourhood of the "Plough Inn," where I could see young gentlemen descending from their horses in the midst of a galaxy of female beauty. I was employed in listening to the details of an adventure at whist which somebody was relating to his friend across the water, when my attention was distracted by the appearance of three gallant barks, manned by stalwart and perspiring figures, whose bare arms and athletic chests glistened in the sunshine. They paused for a moment to perform the mystic ceremony of taking down their flags (blue with cameleopard's head growing out of a gothic turret for the crest; simple green; and vermillion garnished with stars) and then at the question "are

you ready?" put to them by the coxswain, expressed themselves in the affirmative, by dashing their oars through the water at a frightful pace.

This was exciting enough in all conscience, but after a while we had some more, and then some more still, till I began to wonder where they all came from, and whether the river didn't run round in a circle, so that I was seeing the same crews over again, like the procession of two hundred and fifty armed men in the infantine theatres. As soon as this thought occurred to me, I determined to watch the next bark narrowly, so as to guard against the possibility of imposition. However, no more hove in sight, but an enormous machine made its appearance, towed by horses, and to look at, something between Noah's ark and the Spanish man of war—of the time of the armada. From this wooden leviathan about fifty young gentlemen came down, and the sound of their bets, and the odour of their cabbage leaves, swept together along the evening breeze. Frantic men with dishevelled

hair sculled up in miraculously small out-riggers, and mooring them to the "Plough" opposite, come over in a punt, prepared to run panting, shirtless, and dirty, along-side of the contending boats, and cheer their friends with bare, out-stretched arms and frantic yells.

About this time my aquatic mentor, who is of a more sanguine temperament than myself, and who besides had various shillings and half-crowns depending upon the issue of the struggle, begged me to move from the place where we were standing, and accompany him to the starting post.

"What's the use of that?" I replied "I would much sooner see them in full swing. Besides which are we not opposite the 'Plough,' where I can observe the aristocracy of Cambridge? No, I should prefer not to move."

"Do as you like" he replied "but you will not be able to keep that position, I warn you."

"Why not" said I, but he was off like a whirlwind, and I was left alone in my new pepper

and salt cutaway and pink joinville to brave the stare of the passers by. Suddenly a gun was fired off—it was succeeded after a short pause by a second—and finally a third report. The change which took place in the disposition of the groups on all sides, now convinced me that the great event of the day was about to come off. Nowhere was this change so apparent as at the “Plough” over the water (I love the Plough). The vacant faces that had been gazing out of the bow-window at the end of their pipes, now beamed upon the lawn; reading men tossed off their lemonade, and coquettes laid down their half and half. Every one thronged to the river’s edge; even the dogs partook of the general excitement, and left off fighting to look from between their masters’ legs in the direction from which the boats were expected.

It is impossible not to acknowledge that my senses partook of this universal delirium. I too gazed towards the same quarter as the men, and the women, and the dogs, and presently a sound as

of the roaring of many voices, and the scuffling of many feet smote upon mine ear. At the same time I beheld my own boat, the boat of my own college, the boat of my own club, drawing round the distant point (I don't know what you call it) first, still first! My loyal heart thumped against my bosom. I was no longer myself, I was intoxicated, wild with joy!—If you had put me on a horse at that instant I could have ridden him at a ditch! But suddenly my attention was withdrawn from the victorions craft, wherein rested my hopes and fears, to an enormous multitude who were rapidly approaching the spot whereon I stood in the narrow towing path which skirts the river, and from which there is no mode of egress, but the majestic Cam in front, and a scarcely less extensive ditch in the rear.

Shall I confess to having experienced a sensation of fear? Yes, it will be as well, for I *did*. I am a corpulent person, and I saw that I should be borne down by that great crowd without a straw to cling to, without a hope of salvation.

Under these circumstances, Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH himself, though rendered familiar by his own novels with situations of peril, might have been excused for trembling. Ah! I wish I had his fine pen to describe my sensations. In that brief moment I recalled to mind all the instances I had heard of persons being trampled to death by an infuriate mob.

I addressed myself to flight. I had full fifty yards' start, and might hope to distance them yet. I turned my back accordingly upon the boats, the multitude and every thing else, and set off at the rate of seven miles an hour. But alas it was in vain! Louder and louder came the cries from behind me, nearer and nearer the footsteps, and turning round my head I discovered to my dismay that full twenty half-naked figures brandishing their fists, and yooping like Indians, were upon my heels. I could see their great unbrushed heads of hair gleaming like crests, in the sunshine. I could mark their raw, blistered hands and hirsute arms outspread in the evening air. It seemed like some

horrible rite. The scene swam before me. A shove, a kick, and a round oath, and I felt myself going neck and crop into the waters of the gigantic river.

When I awoke I found myself sitting on the damp bank, under the care of my friend, who was putting the lighted end of a cigar in my mouth to revive me, and calling me a fool. Since that awful day I have not revisited the boats.

I have however met the boating man in society, and am able to a certain extent to speak to his character when off duty. On these occasions I have found him affable and courteous towards those who do not know so much as himself. His conversation is of bumping, and fouling, and outriggers, and Combe, and Grassey, but he will explain to you the rudiments of the science in an intelligible and familiar way, "cutting a crab" says he "is this—suppose this butter is water, and my knife the oar. Well you see, &c." If he be of a waggish turn he will sometimes insert

a notice in "Bell's Life" to the effect that an eight-oared match has just taken place between Mr. W. Whewell's and Mr. W. H. Thompson's crews, the fun of which other boating men having found out, laugh. The greatest men in the world he considers to be ROLLOCKS, who pulled so wonderfully that year in the Oxford *v.* Cambridge, and COCKY, whose choice songs and comic sayings are the delight of his club. Indeed I have heard that these gentlemen are fêted and petted, and looked up to in their own society, just as much as we should look up to Rogers or Macaulay. And so they are—the Rogers and Macaulay of their own staircase. For who has not read that beautiful piece of English composition by the one entitled "Address to the Members of the Trinity (4th) on having a new club boat built," and that touching ballad by the other, which, as every reader may not chance to possess a copy, I will take the liberty of appending whole.

You may sing of the joys of the gun and the bat,
 Of winging a bird as he flies, Sir,
 Of hunting the hare-skin,(1) and running the rat,
 And fighting a cock without eyes, Sir; (2)
 You may tell the sweet raptures of courting a lass,
 And shooting a bolt from love's quiver,
 But what in the world can those pleasures surpass,
 That we boating gents find on the river?

Tol de diddle tol lol, &c.

When the Chapel bell tolls, as the herald of day,
 And bright Phœbus exhibits his noddle,
 And the mists of the night are all clearing away,
 To the " Piece"(3) in our great coats we toddle,

(1) An allusion, probably to Drag-hunting.

(2) It was some time before I found out the meaning of this line; after hearing the above song, however, I was induced to visit a cock-pit, patronized by a few of the leading members of the University, where I enjoyed the privilege of seeing one of those noble birds fight for upwards of twenty minutes, *with both his eyes out!* His owner refused to take him up, on account of his opponent being so desperately wounded, that there appeared some chance of his winning the battle yet.

(3) For the information of those who have not enjoyed a College education, it may be well to state that by this term is designated "Parker's Piece"—an enclosed piece of ground, celebrated as the training place for aquatic gentlemen.

When to keep up our wind three times round it we run,
And return with a pain in the liver,
But what does it matter, my boys, when there's fun
To be found every night on the river?

Then there's breakfast, you know, where stale bread's
all the go,
With beef-steaks as raw as my hand, Sirs,
And cigars were forbid 'cause they make us to blow,
And the nymphs 'cause they keep us on land, Sirs;
Next our blisters we scrub with the ointment they dub,
Dr. Holloway's sweet "Solace-giver,"
But what though it pain us—aye there is the rub,
When it's all for the sake of the river?

(1) At length comes the night, fraught with joy and
Of the races—By Jove, it's like heaven, [delight,
With the men at the Plough calling out "Go it bow,"
And the men on the path "Go it seven!"
Then awaiting the gun that announces the fun,
For an hour in our jerseys we shiver,
And "Two," a young fool, that has scarcely left school,
Cries "Can *this* be the fun of the river?"

(1) There is a slight change of rythm in this and the following stanza. But the chief beauty of boating songs is supposed to consist in their departure from all metrical rules and canons.

Hark! the gun has gone thrice, and now off in a trice,
With the Johnians we're soon on a level,
When Hicks who's no dab with his oar cuts a crab,
And our coxswain he swears like the devil.
Still we gain, Sirs, we gain! now we've bumped them 'tis
How our hearts with excitement they quiver! [plain,
—And we'll wap that young Hicks, since he might
Have lost us a place on the river! [by his tricks,

I have heard songs very much like the above, spoken of as "d—d clever, written by the fellow himself, upon my word and honor," but those who wish to hear more of the same kind, will have to frequent more often than the writer of this little book has found it agreeable to do, the Supper-parties of the BOATING UNDERGRADUATE.

THE UNIONIC CANTAB.

I suppose that a great number of my Trinity friends have at one time or another belonged to the UNION SOCIETY. We all of us recollect the eagerness with which in our first week at college we hurried up to the rooms of that great club to get our names entered by a friend; how we wandered round and round its spacious library, taking down deep and historical works with the firm intention of reading them; with what a sense of our position we stirred the fire; with what an eager gaze we stood entranced before the list of orators who had argued on some knotty point, puzzling to the politicians of Europe, it may be, for

many years; but now at length happily decided by a vast majority in our debate of Tuesday night. With what admiration did we listen to the graceful and fluent GORGON, when he told us that the repeal of the Corn Laws was a deadly blow aimed at our beloved Church; then again how our blood boiled with enthusiasm, when the illustrious TINKLER called upon us to rise as one undergraduate, in defence of the charter; or can any one who was present forget the tears which were shed, when SALOMONS, in the kindest, and most disinterested way, called our attention to the sufferings of the Jews? Alas! for very many of us, all these things have passed away. We never enter that long room now, or if we do, it is only to read the Newspaper. We suffer ourselves to be excluded the use of the library, or see our names posted up as no longer members of the club, every morning, as we go in. Debates we leave entirely to the freshmen, or write letters while they are being held. We should snore under GORGON; we should laugh

at little TINKLER as he lisps out “If I were the Government, I would weform these wadical cow-wuptions”; even the eloquence of SALOMONS might strike ill-constituted minds as prosy.

But notwithstanding this falling off in our ardour, I remark that there are some men who, betaking themselves to public life on the first day of their entrance into this seat of learning, never, if I may so speak, retire into privacy till their assumption of the bachelor’s gown. These are the men whose names are for ever figuring before us, on the lists, who discourse on all questions, legal, political, poetical, historical, or metaphysical, who sit on debate nights at small tables, with glasses of water before them, and whisper mysteriously to the president, once in every five minutes—these are the individuals whom I shall take the liberty of calling, for want of a better name, the UNIONIC UNDERGRADUATES.

The UNIONIC UNDERGRADUATE then, will be found early on Tuesday morning surrounded by books

and newspapers, in order the more effectually to get up his subject. "Excuse me, my boy," says he, as you enter, "but you see, we have the great debate on the Irish church to-night, and of course it won't do for me to be deficient in the minutest particular. By the bye, as you *are* come in, do you happen to know in what reign Ireland was conquered?" I once remember being asked this question, and the result of my reply came out in the form of a sentence in my friend's speech. "Ireland, as every honorable gentleman now present of course knows, was first subdued by the wily Richard the Third, though its final and entire subjugation must be referred to the successive efforts of Edward the Fourth, Edward the Sixth, and last, not least, the lawless tyrant Henry."

The Unionic Undergraduate is moreover for ever boring you, when you meet him in society, with his political views. He dreads the irruption of a Tartar tribe from the Caucasus, and knows what foreign countries have, and what have not

had Constitutions. Matters at home he views, of course, according to his own private bias. If he be a Radical, he will most probably quote Cobden; if a Protectionist, D'Israeli; if a young man of unsettled views, and altogether weak intellect, Inglis. If it is not politics that he is constantly dinning into your ears, it is something about the library committee, on which he sits. He wants you to give him your vote for somebody. He longs to establish a Politico-Economical Club, or Mediæval Society, as the case may be, and invites you to become a member. Sometimes you will see him bending over a file of old newspapers in the Reading Room, to copy down *verbatim* a speech of Peel's or Russell's in the year '27. When you come upon him so employed, he will crumple up the paper in his hand, and tell you that he is looking out for an account of the earthquake which happened about that time, at Trincomalee. Talking of this reminds me of the discomfiture of my friend Pocock, who lured me to the club one

night under the promise that I should hear him speak. He was sitting very comfortably, anticipating the time when he should astonish the house by his oratory, and gathering up his blue gown into festoons to hang down from his arm, after the most approved statues of the late Mr. Pitt. At length, when the appropriate time arrived, he arose to speak, but alas! he had not perceived that FIGGINS had risen at the same moment—and the cries for Figgins were loud and general. He accordingly sat down, determined to follow next after Figgins, and deliver his long-thought-of speech to a delighted audience.

But we are the playthings of fate. That speech was never delivered. After a few sentences had fallen from the mouth of the orator in possession of the house, my unfortunate friend turned suddenly pale, and grasping my arm, exclaimed "Come along, it's all over." "Is it," says I, rousing myself after an effort, "Well then, go on with yours." "No—no—no—that's not what I mean," he replied,

"I shall not speak—I feel faint—I want to go."
And to my astonishment, he hurried me out of
the room.

It was not till I had given this unhappy young man two cups of tea, with buttered toast (of which he is particularly fond) to match, that he was enabled to inform me of the extent of his misfortune. It then appeared from his incoherent statements, that the speech which he was about to deliver had been copied by him out of the *Morning Advertiser* for 1809, and that the miscreant Figgins must have, by some means or other, obtained access to the same newspaper, and forestalled him. Pocock after this retired into private life, and has never since been heard to speak at the Union Society's debates.

And with regard to these same debates, I think that if any one will take the trouble of sitting out one of them, he will be astonished at the extraordinary character of the speeches delivered. I will own that they have sometimes astonished me.

It always strikes me that the orators who are most attended to are those who rave about the "glorious constitution," the "invulnerable church," and so forth, on the one side, and the fiery demagogues, who clamour for liberty of conscience, on the other. As for knowing anything more about the subject when you leave the room than when you came into it, that is out of the question. The sober, steady, seedy fellows from John's and Christ's, whom I am most anxious to hear, who appear to have read up the whole subject during the week, and to be really capable of giving information as to *facts*—these misguided men are, I say, invariably coughed down and growled back again into their seats. But perhaps it is for the best.

* * * * *

I had got thus far last night, and was preparing to lock up the rum-bottle and retire to rest, when my friend WILKINS made his appearance. "I have come," said he, "understanding that you are writing a work on Undergraduates, and thinking

that I might be of some service to you." "And pray, who the deuce" I indignantly asked " told you that I was writing a work? It is a fabrication Sir, a lie, an untruth. I swear it is." "Very well," he replied, "that's just as it may be. But I came to say that I have just returned from a debate at the Union Society's room, and have taken a few notes of the proceedings, after the fashion of a parliamentary report, under the idea that they might be of some service to you. Here they are, if you like to have them." "Sit down Wilkins, and take some rum," said I, a little mollified, and throwing myself back into my easy chair, read as follows.

* * * * *

The House having met last night at an early hour to discuss the question proposed at the previous sitting by Mr. Tinkler, viz. "That we acknowledge with feelings of deep and abiding self-congratulation that the Landgrave of Hesse-Rudolshwig has bestowed upon his subjects the blessings of a free constitution."

Mr. TINKLER rose, to address to them a few remarks upon the subject which he had had the honor of submitting to the notice of the House. It would of course be idle, as well as impertinent, on his part, to offer them any observations on the situation and history of the state of Hesse-Rudolsh-wig, or the circumstances under which the constitution had been granted. Of all this they were perfectly aware. (*Hear, hear*). The only points therefore to be considered in reference to this question were, firstly, What does a constitution mean? Secondly, What advantages are likely to arise from granting a constitution? And, thirdly, What benefits will the inhabitants derive from getting a constitution? (*signs of dissent from a quiet man in a white neckcloth*). He believed that these were the only points to be considered; if, however, there happened to be any more, the honorable gentleman who had so kindly interrupted him would be able to enunciate them in the long speech which he intended no doubt to make, bye

and bye. (*Great laughter from the supporters of Tinkler.*) Such then being the case it became necessary to point out to them what a constitution meant. It meant, clearly, an extension of equal protection to all classes of the community—Christians, Papists, Members of the Greek and Mahometan Churches, Jews, (*loud cheering from Mr. Salomons*) in fact—in a word—yes—ahem! every body (*groans from the opposite side of the house*)—“Stop!” pursued the hon. gentleman, with some warmth, “do not suppose that I am not deeply “attached to that church to which I belong, and “which I revere above all earthly things (*interchange of winks between Tinkler and Salomons*). But, it “is precisely because I wish to see the vast German “population united as one man in support of that “church from which some of them are at present “temporarily alienated—I allude of course to the “Church of England—(*cheers*) that I am desirous “of extending the liberty of conscience to all. “(*Renewed cheering*). A constitution has been de-

" monstrated therefore, to a certain extent, to be the
" granting of religious liberty to all classes. (*The
" honorable gentleman here stopped to drink a glass
" of water*). But there are other aspects in which it
" may be viewed, and I *do* think I shall be able
" to prove that it is a boon. I *do* think, I say, that
" it is in every sense a boon. To prove distinctly
" what a constitution is, it will be necessary to go
" back to the rudiments of the science of political
" economy. Maculloch has been the first to teach
" us, and in this he has been followed by Adam
" Smith, that labour is the source of wealth. In the
" same way it may be shewn that wealth is the
" source of increased intelligence, and increased
" intelligence of a constitution. Therefore labour is
" to a certain extent the primary source of a con-
" stitution. And indeed this has often furnished an
" argument to those who disapprove of royal charters
" granted in a day, viz. that as they are produced
" without labour, they cannot be real constitutions,
" according to the definition. This objection I

"hope however to be able to defeat." The hon. gentleman then proceeded with the further consideration of his various points, and after an eloquent address of one hour and forty-five minutes concluded as follows, "Such then being the blessings derivable from a constitution, let this house hasten to extend the hand of protection to the suffering Hesse-Rudolshwiggers, assured that its doing so will be hailed by every right-minded person as an act of impartiality, charity, and justice." (*Loud and long continued cheers.*)

Mr. SALOMONS seconded the motion in a speech of great ability, in the course of which he remarked, that after this able description of a constitution, it would be unnecessary for him to enter into anything more than the first principles of monarchical institutions. This he would do in a few sentences. Monarchy was a tyranny and a crying abuse. (*Oh, oh!*) Mind, he did not say that we were not to acquiesce in it, on the contrary, it behoved every good citizen, even while deeming it an abuse,

to uphold it with his property, and even with his life. (*Cheers.*) With us, it was a necessary evil, but he hoped that the Rudolshwiggers would soon be free from it. That was why he supported the motion. After a few more remarks upon the subject of first principles, and analytical reasoning, the hon. gentleman sat down.

The HON. ALEXIS GORGON (whose meaning it was at times difficult to catch) opposed the motion. Not but that he was pleased to hear of any State obtaining political freedom, but on this occasion that freedom was coupled with conditions which rendered it downright bondage. He alluded to the toleration of all sects—Jews included. (*Groans from Mr. Salomons.*) It was all very well for certain honorable gentlemen to groan, but might not this enactment furnish a precedent to our own parliament, always ready as it was to imitate bad examples, and reject the good. (*Hear, hear.*) Why what had been the course pursued by the ruling powers ever since the passing of that fatal

measure which, in the words of the immortal Eldon, had caused “the star of England’s glory to set?” (*Hear, hear*). There was the Catholic Emancipation bill, to which he had just alluded, the Reform bill, the Corn-law bill, with a host of other bills. What did all this indicate? A falling away from the true principles of religion, a tendency in our legislature to infidel and heretical tenets. Let them look, if they wanted to learn more, at the attempt to introduce vote by ballot and electoral districts. Then they would see more clearly the extent to which the enemies of our church sought to go. This was not the moment for tampering with the foes of our religion. They must up and rally round their throne, their church and their time-hallowed institutions, unless they wanted to see triennial parliaments established in Westminster Hall, and Messrs. Hume and Cobden the rulers of the country. (*Loud cheering*). The hon. gentleman concluded a long address by calling on the house to oppose the motion as

they valued those religious principles which had been instilled into them from their earliest years. (*Loud and long continued cheering, which lasted for several moments after the hon. gentleman had resumed his seat.*)

AN HON. GENTLEMAN (who spoke from the back seats, and whose name we were unable to learn) said, that he really did not see what the description of a constitution, or the infidel character of our legislature had to do with the subject under discussion. (*Cries of Oh, Oh*). He had not learnt a single fact, or been put in possession of one fresh argument since he had entered that house three hours ago. (*Oh, Oh*). The course which clearly ought to be pursued on the present occasion, before venturing to congratulate the Rudolshwiggers upon the charter which they had obtained, was, first, to consider the causes, history and progress of that émeute which had wrenched it from their unwilling ruler, and, secondly, the provisions

which the charter itself contained for fostering the liberties of the people. This would guide them in forming their estimate of its probable stability. (*Signs of impatience in the house.*) Now, it appeared that in the year 1807 a constitution had been freely granted by Ferdinand, the eleventh Landgrave, which had been recalled in the following year by Rudolph his successor. (*Great coughing and scraping of feet.*) It was from the year 1812, the very period, they would please to recollect, when Napoleon marched through their country on his expedition to Moscow, that the awakening of this small but warlike people to the blessings of constitutional freedom might in reality be dated. (*Increased scraping of feet, in the midst of which many hon. gentlemen left the house.*)

The hon. member then proceeded with what appeared to us a very clear and satisfactory account of the case as it stood, but from his speaking in a low and somewhat hesitating tone of voice.

and the constant scraping of feet and coughing which interrupted him, it was impossible to catch all that he said.

At the conclusion of his address, no one else volunteering to rise, Mr. TINKLER replied in a facetious speech, frequently interrupted by laughter from himself, and, the house dividing, the numbers were found to be

For the Motion - - - 11

Against it - - - - 19

Mr. Pocock neutral.

THE CANTAB, WHO IS FOND OF "LONDON LIFE."

The Undergraduate who is fond of London Life must be carefully distinguished from the Fast Undergraduate, for although there may be many individuals lucky enough to be able to lay claim to both characters, yet I hold that there is a sufficient difference between them to entitle each to a separate consideration.

By "the Undergraduate who is fond of London Life" I venture to designate that peculiar class of our fellow-students who may be observed, for two or three days at the beginning and two or three days at the close of every vacation, sauntering

down Regent Street, smoking at the divan, staring vacantly out of private boxes at the Lyceum, or, with eye-glasses in their eyes, whirling round and round at the Casino. At this period, and whenever there is an Oxford and Cambridge boat-race coming off, I observe that the streets are peopled with well-known and familiar faces. SMITH hails me from a cab, and insists upon my coming to dine with him at the *Café de l'Europe*; JONES from the stalls calls the attention of his friends to where I am sitting peeling my orange in the pit; and ROBINSON almost knocks me over, as he hurries breathless and expectant in the direction of the Hall of Rome.

A Cambridge or Oxford Undergraduate with these propensities is most commonly a resident in the country. Six times a year he enjoys the privilege of passing through the great metropolis, and you may be sure that he makes the most of his flying visit. First of all there is the "governor" to be got over, who observing in the bill that

"residence commences on the 21st of April," cannot see the necessity for his son's starting from home on the 18th. That young gentleman, however, viewing matters in a different light, informs him that all reading men are expected to be up at least three days before any one else, and that if he does not start immediately he shall miss Professor AIRY's lecture upon Animal Heat, on which he is suffered to pack up his things, and tearing himself from the embraces of his sorrowing relatives in the hall, enter the vehicle which is waiting to convey him to the station. He lights a cigar as soon as he is out of the garden gate, and handing another to the driver, feels a sense of freedom.

On arriving in London, he drives up to an hotel, where paying the cabman a shilling more than his fare, he alights and proceeds to his bed-room to dress for dinner. His preparations for this event are more extensive than for the parties at home, where the clergyman's lady and the doctor's wife are not over critical. But now he feels that

he has the Casino before him, and pulls forth the rich cut Genoa velvet waistcoat, and polished leather boots, accordingly. On descending to the coffee-room at half-past five, it is more than probable that he will meet four or five college friends with whom he has made an appointment for that hour to partake of "a chop." The "chop" comprises a little matter of turtle soup and venison, turbot with lobster sauce, fruit pie and stilton. None of the guests are hungry, all of them having partaken of oysters with copious draughts of porter some two hours before, but after all they feel that they are doing *the* thing, and a man can swill down champagne and madeira at any time. Glass after glass is poured out, and they set to with as much gusto as if they should never have to take their degrees, and settle down into curacies, and drink home-brewed beer, like the elderly gentleman in the opposite box who sighs over his veal cutlet and pint of pale ale, to think that *he* too has been a University man, and eaten venison, and

run up wine bills without having to pay them, and been happy.

About this time the Hansom, "the nobbiest that you can pick out," drawing up to the door, the party enter, and proceed to that private box which has been so much the subject of meditation. To me, there is a something absolutely beautiful and picturesque in the sight of those young fellows, buttoning on their white kid gloves, nodding aristocratically to an acquaintance, or bringing their *lorgnettes* to bear upon a pretty girl opposite, just for all the world like real men about town. They tell each other anecdotes about the actresses, and boast of an acquaintance with PAUL BEDFORD; they have an intrigue, you may be quite sure, with somebody or other of high rank and great beauty whom they wouldn't mention on any account; one of them was introduced to the Earl of Higgins the other night, at the Cider Cellars, and invited him to dine at the *Blue Posts*, (where, strange to say, a silver spoon was missed after the departure of the noble peer);

another has been admitted to a *tête à tête* with Mrs. Smith the celebrated actress; a third distinctly saw BUCKSTONE come out of the house of a Dowager Countess in Grosvenor Square, at half-past six in the morning.

This is the talk of some of these young men before the rising of the curtain and between the scenes. During the performance they remain tolerably quiet, not liking to endanger their position by exhibiting any violent symptoms of mirth, except when any one in the play gets a slap on the face, or one of the characters is represented as tumbling down and hurting his nose, &c., when their hilarity is frantic. An immoral piece they greatly prefer to any other, and would enjoy a *double entendre*, if they could understand it. From the theatre to the Casino, the Cider Cellars, and other choice places of recreation is only a short step; but here the well-disposed reader and I must pause, partly because these scenes have been so often described by abler pens, partly from un-

willingness to sit out those lugubrious songs, or to see our dear school companion and college friend flying from the policeman, who is in pursuit, eager to catch hold of him, and the knocker which he has in his possession.

When the writer of the present volume was in London a short time since, studying at a solicitor's office for a few months, just to see how he should like it—a trial which of course proved signally unsuccessful—he received an invitation to meet a few Cambridge and Oxford men at an hotel in Covent Garden, from his friend RAMSBOTTOM, well known at the Casino and elsewhere under the title of “the Spicey one.” The hour named for breakfast was half-past eleven, but upon entering the coffee-room he found that the host was still in bed, and not one of the party arrived. To sit for half an hour in the coffee-room of the Grand Piazza Hotel, reeking with stale tobacco-smoke and the odour of hot joints, to watch the haggard waiters hurrying to and fro with dirty table cloths, is not a fascinating employ-

ment, neither are the day-before yesterday's *Times* and to-day's *Herald* interesting prints. At length, however, my friend made his appearance in a pair of worked worsted slippers and a shawl dressing gown. His face bore that dingy character which is inseparable from late hours and early soda water, and his eyes looked as though you had written your name on them with pen and ink, and smudged it over with your thumb. His fingers blazed forth with rings, and studs ornamented his shirt front, but yet I couldn't help thinking him dirty; and though the sovereigns were clinking against one another in his waistcoat pocket as he walked up, he bore an air of unhappiness against which it would have been useless to contend. But then this is "London life."

"Sorry to keep you waiting, my boy," said he, "but the fact is I was at the Pic. last night, and did not get to bed till past five o'clock."

"What is the Pic?" I asked.

"Pic," replied my friend, "is the abbreviated

term for —" and I dare say he would have given me the required information had not the entrance of two or three other young fellows, in long ostler waistcoats and magnificent ties, interrupted him. These were the gentlemen whom I had been invited to meet.

" Higgins of Trinity—Jowler of Corpus—Wiggins of Trinity—Figgins of Trinity." I was introduced.

" What will you take to drink?"

" Soda-water and sherry," exclaimed one.

" Rum and milk," said a second.

" Something light and nutritious," was ordered for a third, and so on.

I remember that the breakfast was the best part of the entertainment, for pigeon-pie is an elegant dish, and notwithstanding all that Mr. Albert Smith may have to say against the practice, I do not object to champagne in the morning, when I drink it at somebody else's expense.

But oh the conversation! Again am I compelled

to wish that I had the pen of a LESTER in order to describe it. Every body had done something wonderful, every body had been in familiar conversation with some great man—there was no one present who had not knocked down a policeman at the very least. Casinos, Saloons, Poses Plastiques, fighting taverns, and Opera stalls dropped out of their mouths like the jewels from that of the young person in the fairy tale. The following is a correct list of the exploits narrated as having been achieved on the night before—

Firstly, RAMSBOTTOM had been to dine with Levi, lessee of the Royal Guelphic Theatre, where he met Macready, Paul Bedford, Sergeant Tal-fourd, Munyard, and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

FIGGINS had danced at the Casino with a lady of high rank, who insisted on taking him home to supper in her carriage ("coachman with wig, footman behind—two blood bays, my boy"). In the middle of that meal, however, he was interrupted by the entrance of her husband, who, misunder-

standing the matter entirely, and thinking that there was something wrong going forward, advanced with the poker ("which of course I wrenched out of his hand, and hit him on the head with it, dam'me"). Thinking it, however, prudent to withdraw, he had descended to the hall, and was about to open the street door, when the mistaken but still infuriated man again confronted him, and insisted upon a meeting on Wimbledon Common, which he had accepted.

"And shall you go?" asked RAMSBOTTOM.

"Why hang it, no—I'm afraid I've got to be back at Trinity to-day, or else I shouldn't mind having a shot at the fellow."

WIGGINS had supped with the Isle of Wight Slasher, that eminent prize-fighter, when to his surprise he recognized in the Slasher's wife a lovely and confiding female whom he had seduced in the North, when at a private tutor's some years previously. (Admiring looks were cast upon Wiggins from every one present, including myself.)

He was engaged in a very tender discourse with her in the back parlour, when the Slasher came in, and attempted to hit him on the nose, but fortunately thrusting forth his umbrella he managed to strike that character in the eye, and effected his escape while he was rubbing it.

Nor were the adventures of JOWLER and HIGGINS less remarkable. As however it would be impossible to record them without omitting a great part of the cream of the narratives, it will suffice to say that there was a good deal of intrigue, a vast amount of quarrelling and drunkenness, and I suspect not a little imagination in their composition.

After breakfast we adjourned to the smoking-room, where steaming glasses of spirits and water with Manilla cheroots were served up all round. The conversation at the same time became loud and general, and after a couple of hours spent in talking and drinking, an unanimous desire was expressed for lunch. Cold fowls and hock (as

being a cooling beverage) were accordingly ordered to be laid in a private room, whither we had scarcely adjourned and were in the act of sitting down, when the waiter advancing to our host said in an audible whisper,

“Mr. REHOBOAM is below, sir.”

The words had scarcely fallen from his lips when my friend RAMSBOTTOM waved his carving-knife in the air with a look of triumph, at the same time administering a dig in the ribs to Wiggins who sat beside him. “I told you he’d come, my boy,” said he. There appeared to be universal joy at the announcement of REHOBOAM.

“You know old BOAM of course?” asked one of the young gentlemen of me.

“Why, no, I cannot say that I do,” I replied.

“Oh, he’s the poet, the great English what you call it—improvisitory. We shall have capital fun, you’ll see.”

It will naturally be expected that I was extremely anxious to catch a sight of this great man

—nor was it long before my desire was gratified. A shuffling of feet was heard in the passage, the door opened, and the great Improvisatore stood before us.

The first all-prevailing impression of the human mind on having Mr. REHOBOAM presented to its observation is, that he is either of the Hebrew persuasion, or at all events a recent convert from that faith. Nor would the individual be deemed wholly incapable of forming an opinion, who should suggest that he was dirty. For though his hands had been sedulously scrubbed with soap and water, no doubt in anticipation of being invited out to lunch, I could not but remark that his nails, from long habit, had refused to acquiesce in this novel arrangement, and retained their original hue of jet. An immense diamond brooch beamed forth from his satin tie, while over the capacious waistcoat chains of every magnitude meandered gracefully. Altogether I thought that I had not

seen such a mixture of gems and grease for a long while.

Very different, however, seemed the opinion of my college friends. They rose and shook hands with him, and pledged him in glasses of hock. The illustrious Israelite was not slow in responding to these invitations. He bolted in the morsels of chicken at the end of his knife, and pointed his red stumpy finger at the portion of the joint from which he should prefer a slice to be cut for him. And altogether his conduct was such as to refute the opinion of those who aver that poets live upon nothing but inspiration.

After the meal there was a momentary pause, and every one felt that the proper time had arrived to ask REHOBOAM for an impromptu song.

"Ask him for a song," whispered Wiggins to me, "he'll give you one in a moment. He promised he would when we met him last night."

"How can I?" I replied, "I never saw him before in my life."

"Oh, nevermind that. He's uncommonly affable, though so devilish clever. Ask him, there's a good fellow."

"Mr. REHOBOAM," said I, turning to the bard, "there seems to exist a general wish amongst the assembled company that you should favour them with a specimen of that talent which has rendered you celebrated in every quarter of the globe. Is it asking too much to request that you will give us a few extemporaneous stanzas on the gentlemen present? I assure you we should consider it the greatest possible favour if you complied."

The poet hemmed and hawed a little. "Sir and gents all," said he, "it isn't much in my line to sing of a morning, besides which I have the influenza uncommon bad 'pon honour, but as you've asked me I'll do my best. So here goes."

And without further prelude he began—

Now, gents, although I've got a cold,
You'll make me sing by force,
So if I fail, don't call me ass,
Whereas I'm only *hoarse*;

But still to please you I'll comply,
 And never care a pin,
 If you'll supply the 'warm without'
 To stay the *cold within.*

Too roo ra loo ra loo ra loo
 Too roo ra loo ra loo, &c. &c.

(Spoken.) *There, now I'm coughin'!*—Oh, by Jove,
 I'm nigh to death I fear—
 But I'll stand the *coughin'* all the night,
 So you will stand the *beer.*

And now I'll sing you all a song
 On the present companee,
 If first you'll tell me one by one,
 What trade you'd like to be.
 Too roo ra, &c.

A momentary pause, after which Ramsbottom
 exclaims, "I should like to be a Member of Par-
 liament."

Oh, very well!

There's RAMSBOTTOM upon my right,
 A sipping of his ale,
 His is a name which makes me think
 That thereon hangs a *tale.*

He thinks, as phrenologists say,
 He's got the M.P. bump,
 But I hope he won't, like Cromwell's friends,
 Prove a member of "the Rump."
 Too roo ra, &c.

"I am going to the bar!" cries Figgins.

There's Mr. FIGGINS sits behind,
 Whom I didn't see *before*,
 Who hopes by ratting to become,
 The Lord High Chancellor!
 Well, if he does, he's sure to have
 A well stuffed seat you know,
 Since his thoughts have gone *wool-gathering*
 Full many years ago.

Too roo ra, &c.

And so on with Jowler and Higgins, with the effusions on which names I do not think it right to trouble the reader. Suffice it to say that the great epic concluded thus—

"And what should you like to be, my stout friend?" asked Mr. Rehoboam addressing me.

"For my part," I replied, "I think that the profession which I shall adopt will be that of an

improvisatore or poet, following, of course, at a humble distance, in the footsteps of the great original!"

Upon which the illustrious man, apparently much pleased, finished up with the following couplet:

Here's Mr. SMITH that shall become

A poet brave and bold,

Like him as wrote the Hiliad

In Latin verses told.

He'll taste the sweets of Sally's lips,

(Since poets must, you see,

Be lovers too,) and then alone

A *poet-taster* be !

Too roo ra loo ra, &c., ad libitum *

The applause and breaking of glasses, at the conclusion of this song, were loud and universal, and when I had taken my departure, I remember

* It will gratify the admirers of the illustrious individual whom I have ventured to designate under the title of "Rehoboam," to be told that the above is, as nearly as I can recollect, a genuine effusion of his, with the names of the parties of course altered.—J. S.

meeting in the passage CODLINS, the inimitable clown, and one of the "only legitimate successors of the late immortal Grimaldi," who was coming in to join the festive party.

The Undergraduate who is fond of "London Life" generally returns to Cambridge with fifteen shillings in his pocket, instead of the thirty-five pounds with which he started from home. Late hours and dissipation of all sorts have made his eyes blood-shot and his step languid, and whatever he may say to the contrary, he is glad to get back again. Then it is that, on visiting him in his rooms, you are favoured with a new and more complete account of his adventures in town, which he tells so often that he actually believes them, and they become the standard subject of conversation in his set, till the commencement of another vacation, and a fresh visit to the Metropolis displaces them for a fresh series of fabrications.

Great heavens! if only one-tenth part of these stories be true, how I should tremble, if I were a

poor but virtuous beauty, to think that three times in every year such a swarm of Adonises are let loose upon the capital of the British isles; with what resolution should I press the immediate payment of my little account, if I were a hotel-keeper; and, if I were a policeman, with what speed I should beat a retreat, when observing in the distance the advance of an Undergraduate, whom from his unsteady gait and debauched appearance I judged to be one of those who are fond of "London Life."

THE ARISTOCRATIC CANTAB.

Of "Aristocratic Undergraduates" it cannot be expected that the author should have much personal knowledge. But this is by no means a reason why he should not have a word or two to say about them. What hours of intoxicating delight would be taken from us, if none were to sit down and write fashionable novels, but such as are intimately acquainted with fashionable life!

My friend HARDICANUTE FITZ-CANUTE is perhaps the only member of the upper classes with whom I enjoy the privilege of an occasional conversation. Canute Castle, a gothic structure of great antiquity, is distinctly visible from the parlour window of

Smith Hall, and the intimacy between the two families dates from the period of Henry, fifth Earl Canute, having commissioned my grandfather to supply the punch for that enormous fountain which played on the occasion of his son's coming of age. A noble duke who happened to be present and tasted the beverage, made the remark that the workmen employed upon the cascade had forgotten to draw off the water before introducing the spirit, which sneer at the want of strength in the punch so affected my grandfather's mind, that he cut his throat, shortly afterwards, with a patent anti-corrosive razor. When the tidings of this melancholy event reached the Earl's ears, he was so much moved by it, as to make a victim of himself by declaring that henceforth no wine or liquor of any sort should find its way into the castle, except such as was furnished by his son and successor. This practice, although very unjustly discontinued by the sixth Earl, has given rise to the annual invitation which we receive to dinner at Canute Castle,

and to that degree of notice bestowed upon the writer of these pages by HARDICANUTE, the noble peer's third son, and a hat fellow commoner of one of our most distinguished colleges.

You may see him sometimes on a fine summer's day, sauntering down the parade, not very quietly dressed, it must be owned, but altogether looking extremely noble and aristocratic. There is a neatness, and if I may use the word in defiance of Johnson, a *shininess* about his personal appearance which is inseparable from the idea of a man who has a looking glass in his room, and is not behind hand in making use of it. On these occasions his face wears an expression as clearly to be interpreted as if he said in so many words, "Poor devil, how I pity you!" to every one that passed, and he will acknowledge your salutation by the very faintest possible bend of the head. He belongs to several societies of Undergraduates —the ACROPOLIS as a matter of course, to gain admission to which, besides being a man of irre-

proachable private character (which is a *sine quod non*), you must be a member of a distinguished family—the ancient MUTTON CUTLET club, at whose weekly dinners the reader may chance to have heard from some happy friend, who is a member, that mutton broth, sheep's head, boiled and roast mutton, mutton ham, mutton chops, mutton cutlets and mutton pie are the constituted fare—and the political association of the ORIGINAL GREENS, instituted for the purpose of holding a monthly supper, where all the guests sit down in the costume of a by-gone age, when the club was first established, and drink loyal toasts in knee breeches, and flowing periwigs.

But let none of my fellow plebeians suppose, because I have incidentally made mention of these institutions, that it is my wish to sneer at them. Such is by no means the case. We know that the fox sneered at the grapes, and it is far from my desire to furnish a parallel to that noted quadruped. Nothing indeed is more natural than that a certain

set of young men, elevated by their rank and fortune to a position which you and I can never hope to attain to, should be anxious to consort with those whose pursuits, and way of thinking, and mode of life, are more nearly allied to their own, than yours or mine would be. Under these circumstances, for a man to laugh at the ACROPOLIS, would be about as ridiculous as if he were to cry down the House of Lords, solely on the ground that he did not happen to be a lord himself. No! if I were a duke or a baronet, I should make a point of immediately becoming a candidate for admission into one of these clubs. It is true that I might propose the introduction of a little beef or veal, for the sake of variety into the dinners of the one; and the sitting down in the costume of the present degenerate century, to the suppers of the other—but that is neither here nor there.

To return to FITZ-CANUTE. I should be loth to deny him the possession of those qualities which are supereminently his own, and I will at once

confess that he has an air of polish about him which may be invariably observed to belong to those who have mixed much in good society. Unlike the vulgar, bragging, beer-drinking fast man, he looks well, whatever clothes he may happen to have on, from the most frightfully glaring patterns down to the soberest suit of mourning. He rises late in the day, but without the taste of gin and water in his mouth, and is not compelled to take brandy, to recruit himself, in his tea. Spirits of all kinds he abhors, and will not even allow you to take a cigar in his rooms. He has a pianoforte, upon which he practises daily, and by means of this employment, and reading the *Morning Post*, where he sees an account of his mother's parties, he contrives to rub on till the time for a ride or a walk has arrived. On his return, he proceeds to dress for a dinner party, from which however he retires at an early period, preferring to spend the evening by himself, or with one or two Undergraduates of his acquaintance.

If I drop in upon him at this time, I am received with cordiality, and without that *hauteur* which he sometimes puts on towards strangers. There is too great a difference between our respective positions, to render it necessary for him to be distant in his intercourse with me. Indeed, there cannot be a greater contrast than between the way in which a visitor is received by FITZ-CANUTE, and another aristocrat whom I have the honour and happiness to know, my friend ALGERNON DE MONTMORENCY. This latter I knew very well at school, under the name which he then bore, that of JOHN ALGERNON HIGGINBOTTOM. He has become what he now is, by the following process. The first change was the assumption of the "DE MONTMORENCY," by which he figured as HIGGINBOTTOM-DE-MONTMORENCY. The second was the dropping of the "HIGGINBOTTOM" altogether, and the throwing of the JOHN into the back ground, by which he comes out metamorphosed into ALGERNON DE MONTMORENCY, thus proving that there may be sometimes two

steps instead of one from the ridiculous to the sublime. However, even aristocrats have their weak points, and ALGERNON will go anywhere for a dinner.

I am quite ashamed to own it, for Mr. Titmarsh would assuredly set me down as a snob if I told him so, but I have spent some very pleasant evenings with FITZ-CANUTE, discussing the great people of his acquaintance in town. It is from him that I have gathered those materials, which I intend to work up into a three volume novel, with a lovely heiress and a dissolute man of fashion for the hero and heroine. (Subscribers are requested to put down their names at Mr. Earle's). He tells me what you do at the Countess of ALDERNEY's, and how, after bowing to her, you move off and mingle with the rest of the company; how the Marchioness of HEY DOWN DERRY incensed her guests by going off to bed in the middle of a ball, and ordering the lamps to be put out; of the remark which HER MAJESTY made to the Prince, when they were sitting alone at

Buckingham Palace, about Mrs. LANCET's *fête champêtre*; and how Mrs. ANISEED won her husband's heart, by clearing a park wall when out with the hounds, and so getting the start of the field, as well as the numerous rivals in his affections. To do him justice, however, he never tells these stories except when I ask him for them, which I invariably do at the commencement of every vacation, as by retailing them at tea parties in the country, I sometimes induce persons to believe that I am myself a frequenter of aristocratic parties.

When you see him in London, it is not dashing into the *Casino*, or tottering out of the *Blue Posts* with the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth. If he is sitting beside a young lady in a private box, it is his sister or his cousin, whom he is escorting to the play. He doesn't feel the slightest inclination to shake hands with PAUL BEDFORD, or to have TOM MATTHEWS to breakfast with him. He is an arrant protectionist, but acknowledges freely

that it is because his “governor” (by the way what a horrible term that is, getting into general use), because his “governor” is the owner of large landed property. Books he is not much acquainted with, with the exception of the Waverley Novels and Pickwick. Upon the whole, I should say that he would be admirably fitted for what he is shortly about to become—the member for an upright and independent borough, and a silent, though enthusiastic, supporter of his father’s principles, in the House of Commons.

But of course it cannot be supposed that all Aristocratic Undergraduates should be of the same sort as the one whom I have just attempted to describe. Small indeed is the number of those who are so entirely free from vice as FITZ-CANUTE, whose eccentricities are so harmless and excusable. But as I have already had the honour to lay “the fast man” before the reader, that respectable personage, in case he be acquainted with any Aristocrats who wring knockers, or ride steeple-chases,

or get drunk, will be kind enough to refer them (as he will be fully justified in doing) to that head, and look to the chapter specified, for more particular information.

I cannot, however, leave this part of my subject, without adverting to that class of Pseudo-Aristocrats who are, comparatively speaking, as plentiful in this salubrious town, as in any other of the United Kingdom. The great world into which we are some of us shortly about to enter, does not contain more arrant *snobs*, to use the term of a living author, than the University of Cambridge.

When, for instance, FITZ-CANUTE puts on any of his airs towards me, or looks intently at the Wellington statue as I nod to him in Hyde Park, or becomes unconscious of my presence, as I pass him in the lobby of the Opera, although I can't quite approve of his conduct in doing so, still I must admit that there is some excuse to be made. The ancestors of the man who cuts me, have cut kings and cardinals in their day; the grandfather

of the CANUTE, who refuses to notice my proffered hand, refused to shake that of the Prince of Wales himself, when he called on him to apologize for the seduction of his wife. In the family tree, the wars of the Roses, and indeed the fall of Troy itself, occur but in the topmost branches, while he will speak to you of the Reformation, and the great Rebellion, as events so ridiculously recent, that I shouldn't be surprized to hear that he had been present at them in person. At home, the farmers take off their hats to him, as he rides through the county town on a market-day, and in the parish church, the curate does not begin reading the service till the family from the castle have taken possession of their great, red-curtained pew. I say, taking all these circumstances into consideration, I can understand why FITZ-CANUTE should be proud.

But what, in the name of all that is wonderful, authorizes that great lubber GROWLER, or my young favourite DE MONTMORENCY *né* HIGGINBOTTOM, to

turn up their noses at me as they pass, and call me a vulgar fellow. When, out with the hounds, I caught GROWLER's horse, who had prudently divested himself of so heavy a burden after his third fence, why did he get on again, without so much as saying, "thank you?" Why, when I put up for the "United Cantabs," did MONTMORENCY black-ball me, on the ground that I was low born. I am as well born as he is. And if I choose to spend a few pounds in procuring the luxury, may I not become a HOWARD or a DE VERE myself, in the course of the year? HIGGY (as we used to call him playfully at school), is glad enough to drink my Sherry, and fill his case with my cigars of a morning. Why then should he go about, and relate with a leer that my father is a wine merchant?

If ever the beloved reader shall become Lord Chancellor, or Generalissimo of our forces, or Archbishop of Canterbury, as I have no reason to doubt he will, I trust that he will give himself all

the airs in the world to make up for his previous humility. But I give him this permission upon one condition, that until that time shall arrive, he never ape the manners of an Aristocrat, if he be a plebeian; or by unduly exalting himself over the heads of his humbler brethren, strive to attain prematurely to that position, to which he will find, in the long run, that virtue and talent can alone entitle him.

THE CANTAB WHO IS IN LOVE.

I suspect that there are more of us Undergraduates in love, than some of your proud, cold-hearted philosophers would be ready to allow. In this, there is nothing but what is very natural and proper. Granted that from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty be the period most usually selected by persons in easy circumstances to marry in, I deny that it is that selected by Providence for them to fall in love, and make fools of themselves in that way. No! although I was never thirty years of age myself, yet I shrewdly suspect that it is the loss of consols, and not that of the lady's hand, that grieves men so much at that time of

life—whereas the heartfelt anguish, the long solitary walk, the refusal of the proffered cutlet, and the breaking up of all the long-constructed hopes, plans, and establishments in the air—which of us is there who does not know by experience that these are the portion of the Undergraduate who is in love, from eighteen to twenty-two!

A man who suffers himself to fall into this kind of state is exceedingly difficult to describe, because he so seldom allows you to catch sight of him. Now and then, indeed, he will drop in of a morning, to ask how you are getting on. He sinks down listlessly into your great easy chair, and falls straightway to work upon his usual employment of building castles in the air, which he peoples with himself, and his Araminta, or his Theresa, as the case may be. To the questions which you put to him he gives vague and indefinite replies, and becomes at last so absent in the spirit, that you wish with all your heart that he were as absent in the flesh as well. Sometimes, as you are sitting at

breakfast in his room, there will arrive by the penny post—that aqueduct for lovers' tears—an exquisitely sealed and scented *billet*, which, from its shape, and appearance altogether, you feel certain must be the production of a lady. This he will seize with a convulsive grasp, and holding it before him for a moment, as if scarcely daring to break open the envelope, scamper through it with breathless rapidity, never apologizing to you the while for reading the document in your presence. When he has laid it down, there are various signs by which you may form your own conclusions as to the nature of the intelligence which it contains. The heaving of a great sigh, or the pushing away of the still untasted sausage, would, it is needless to say, be intimations of some most sorrowful news, while the attempt to look jocose, and hum a comic ballad, in a broken tone of voice, would, if possible, convey a still more chilling sensation to the nerves of the helpless spectator. On the other hand, a broad smile of delight on the face of the reader,

increasing as the second sheet is turned over, and merging into an absolute chuckle of joy at the culminating point, the postscript; the laying down of the note, with a hasty exclamation of "Beg your pardon, Smith, my boy. Merely a little unimportant matter that I was obliged to look to, that's all," and the request for another slice of ham—all these signs, I say, would be sure indications of a reply, such as I hope that the writer, and purchaser of this little volume may receive, when they come to propose to a lovely, artless, and fascinating girl, with something snug in the $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Reduced.

The victim, moreover, of an affair of the heart is fond of long, solitary rambles in the country. He starts forth, with a novel in his pocket, and throwing himself on the grass, beneath the shelter of some tall tree, attempts to read. He remembers to have once followed with eager interest the chaste adventures of DEVEREUX, to have sighed with the author over the impending fate of the noble CLIFFORD, to have sympathised with him in the lofty

aspirings of the virtuous ARAM, but now all these things have passed away. Hero and heroine fade from his sight, and are supplanted by one figure, pale and haughty in its loveliness—the figure in fact of the young lady, whom he met at the pic-nic, and wrote to, and was rejected. Gradually even *her* face becomes indistinct. The more he longs to retain it in his mind, the more shadowy does it become. He has thought upon it so long, that it refuses, as it were, to present itself before him except in glimpses. His father and mother, his brothers, sisters and friends, he can conjure up before him at any moment, as they look in life. He has not thought upon *them* so long that their image generated in his mind has become worn out, vague and indistinct. Confused and perplexed, he rises from the earth, just as the distant clock of St. Mary's strikes half-past three. On his way back to college, he thinks all the women whom he meets plainer and more uninteresting than he did before he was at that pic-nic. "Shall I ever be

happy if she doesn't relent?" he asks of himself, and the answer of his racked and tortured soul is invariably the same, "Impossible!" Throughout the meal of dinner it is the same. Throughout tea. Throughout the sleepless watches of the night.

But it is most likely that the conduct of persons who are in love, or who fancy themselves to be in love, which is precisely the same thing, must be alike all over the globe. It is a fact, I believe, borne out by the experience of our missionaries, that the young South-Sea islander is chaffed and jeered at by the other savages of his set, upon the formation of a matrimonial engagement—love being one of those things, like gout, for which you get but little sympathy. However, so long as the wretched man keeps his feelings locked up in his own bosom, I have no objection to his being as miserable, in her absence, as the object of his affections could possibly desire. The Undergraduates whom I take leave to object to, are those who

come dinnings into your ears an account of their hopes and expectations, their successes and failures, who read to you their letters to MARIA, and MARIA's replies, who show you miniatures of the favoured fair one, who make themselves glad over *your* port and sherry, at the attainment of their object, who solace themselves with *your* cigars and whiskey-toddy, for their defeat.

Perhaps, however, the reader is not a man cursed with a reputation for being able to keep a secret. If such be the case, let him thank his stars. He stands upon secure ground. He will be able to plague others, but will not be plagued himself. Mine has been a more unhappy lot. I am a discreet man. I am like the lion's mouth at Venice, a receptacle for all sorts of unprecedented secrets. I have actually dictated letters for young Romeos of this University, to their adorable Juliets. Sometimes, indeed, I think of retaliating upon society by falling in love myself, and going about amongst my acquaintance, to ask them for

their advice. By the way, will it be tiring the reader's patience, too much, if I relate to him the love adventure, of which JONES made me the *confidante* some time ago. My friend having dropped in one morning, and decanted a bottle of madeira, and taking down my meerschaum from the wall, and made himself comfortable, suddenly became very communicative, and having first extracted from me the promise of profound secrecy, narrated, in substance, the following little affair:

Whoever has travelled much in the county of Clackmannan, N.B., will not fail to be acquainted with the Reverend ANDREW BUZZARD, a clergyman of the Anglican Church, and justly celebrated as a long-vacation tutor, or "coach." Situated upon a lofty eminence, his windows command a survey, the most ravishing the imagination can picture—mountains rear their tall summits for the calculations of the mathematician, and in the valley beneath waving corn fields and luxurious pasture grounds, furnish a perpetual chart of reference to

the student of the Georgics. Not far from the house flows the majestic Clack, a source of recreation to the angler, while the society in the neighbourhood is in every way unexceptionable and genteel. In my first year at college, it used to be a great object amongst Undergraduates of a certain class to spend a "long" with the Reverend Mr. Buzzard. Perhaps they were induced to do so, not so much by the attractions set forth above, as the intelligence that there were daughters in the family, many in number, lovely in appearance. Nor were parents in this matter less anxious than the sons themselves. It gave you a certain *prestige* amongst the Evangelical party (of which I am a member) to have received a portion at least of your education at the hands of BUZZARD, the bosom friend of SIMEON, the correspondent of MAC NEILL, the intimate of CARISSIMUS himself. His prices were high, but not too high in consideration of the advantages held forth. No immorality, nothing savouring of the world, was permitted

beneath his roof. He required a certificate of previous good conduct, and application to study, before consenting to receive any one. To an unsteady man, the place would have proved as wearisome as the reign of Pluto. Even I, though of Evangelical principles, should have found it dull, had it not been for circumstances shortly to be detailed. For I recollect that the old gentleman, on catching me, one day, with a short pipe in my mouth, up in one of his out-houses, read me a severe lecture on that immoral and degrading practice.

"Every idle and unprofitable expence is registered against you on high," said he; "that pipefull of tobacco is put down in the great book."

"Well, sir," said I, "it will only be twopence-halfpenny, on the creditor side."

"Do not indulge in ribaldry, JONES," he replied, "or I can no longer keep you beneath my truly humble and happy Christian roof," and, so saying, he retired to look out for me a new and exciting

tract, "The Pipe-smoker's Fate, or the End of a Cigar."

There were eight of us young fellows reading in that humble and happy Christian home, during the summer of 1845, and each of the two spare bedrooms was split up into four, by means of partitions, for the purpose of accommodating us. A similar number of daughters graced the Buzzardian table, four of whom had arrived at that period of life, when even the most devout of women begin to think of a settlement. It will not be a matter of surprise to the reader, therefore, that each of these maidens should find a devoted admirer in one of ourselves. In fact, PAWKINS, the senior of any of us by some years, and a third year man, was in love with Frances Wilberforce Buzzard, a comely virgin of about a quarter of a century old; HEARTBURN had gone so far as to propose to, and was actually accepted by, Emily Simeon; Pocock was sweet upon Annie Inglis; while Belinda—the fair Belinda—had fallen at once to the lot, and

more than once into the arms, of the present writer. I was in love with that girl, before I had been a fortnight in the house. To hear her warble forth chants, and missionary hymns, of an evening, was enough to tame the most savage breast, but it was the presentation of a magnificent *dahlia*, to stick in my button-hole, and culled by her fair hands, which completed the conquest of me. I was about to flop down upon my knees, as fast as my natural corpulence would allow me, and making preparations for that feat, by surreptitiously unbuttoning my straps, when the form of PAWKINS, seen dimly in the distance with his Frances, deterred me. I therefore reserved my declaration for the next day but one. It should have been made the next day, only that happened to be a Sunday.

We'll drop a veil over this part of the affair. I was accepted, and we took long walks together, in shady lanes, of an evening. All this time, I couldn't help noticing, to my intense satisfaction,

that Mrs. BUZZARD was ignorant, not only of what was going on between myself and Belinda, but of the love affairs of my three friends. If she had known of them, she would have stopped them at once, so great were her scruples on these points. I doubt not that she would have turned us all out of the house, if she had known that we were proposing to her daughters. But, by a singular coincidence, it always happened, that when I muttered a soft word or so to my sweetheart, Mrs. B. looked intensely out of the window; and if ever I ventured to snatch a kiss, she was so much employed upon her embroidery, as not to hear it, though the smack were loud enough to awaken the seven sleepers. So that she knew nothing whatever of the matter, poor thing!

Now the fates so decreed it, that after we had been engaged to one another about three weeks, my uncle, whose sole heir I was (his only son having died of the yellow fever, brought on by excessive study) married, and was blessed with

another child, to supply the loss of him who had been so prematurely snatched away. As he was settled in Borneo, and but few communications passed between us, I heard the intelligence of the nuptials, and the birth, at the same time. It is needless to say that no sensation of a mercenary kind passed across my mind. I rejoiced, and I knew that the BUZZARDS would rejoice that their old friend (for they know him well) should at length have a prop, and a stay, to rest upon, in his old age. So that my feelings, on learning the news, partook, as may be supposed, of unmixed joviality and delight.

I communicated the fact to them at breakfast. Contrary to my expectations, Mr. and Mrs. B. exchanged a look of horror, such as is more easily imagined than described. The same look, it struck me, was reflected back from the countenance of my Belinda, for she turned pale, and nearly choked herself in the attempt to take in a mouthful of pie. What could it be? Probably

they were all shocked to think that a man so close to the verge of the grave should be thinking about anything but his eternal interests. Perhaps they deemed marriage an unsuitable thing for a gouty old fellow turned threescore? However, I was somewhat reassured by their turning round to me and saying, "Mr. Jones, we congratulate you upon this truly *happy* and *auspicious* event," or words to that effect.

As I retired from the breakfast-room, for the purpose of resuming my studies, it occurred to me that I would on that very day inform my preceptor of the tie which existed between myself and his fair child. "It is true," I thought to myself, "that I have now only two hundred pounds a-year, instead of the three thousand which I looked forward to. But what of that? Has not my kind tutor often declared to me that riches serve but to strew more briars in our heavenly path. "The road is steep enough and narrow enough already, JONES," said he to me the other day, "I am not anxious, for my

part, that, by the addition of wealth, it should be made steeper and narrower for me to climb up. I have responsibilities enough already; I do not wish to increase them, God knows. No! If ever it should be permitted me to see my daughters settled down in life, I hope that it will be in company with such husbands, as are not distinguished by the magnitude of their earthly possessions, but rather by the treasure which is laid up, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt. This is the only investment that an Evangelical clergyman can take cognizance of, or regard." So that I felt no doubt whatever as to the result.

But alas! No one can calculate his destiny. On so many chances does our life depend. The whole course of mine was changed by a bottle of gooseberry wine, SMITH, my boy.

That same day, after dinner, it being particularly sultry weather, POCOCK, PAWKINS and I sallied forth, to lie down under the trees, and write sonnets. We took out a bottle of that infernal mixture

mentioned above (of which PAWKINS always kept a dozen in a hamper at home) to drink, in case composition should make us thirsty. As I was the youngest, it fell to my lot to carry it in the pocket of my shooting-jacket. I threw myself at full length upon the grass, without remembering to take it out, and was soon in a fine poetic frenzy. The following was the result. I have kept it in my desk to this day.

"Oh, pray don't trouble yourself to read it out," I interrupted.

"Yes, but I should like you to hear it. Here it is—

To BELINDA.

The secret, that your eyes wrote on my soul,

When last we met, shall ne'er effaced be,
Though sorrow's troubled waters o'er me roll,

And all, but that, be swept into the sea.

One pearly drop, the lashes intertwining,

O'er the smooth skin had scarcely ta'en its way,
When the bright sun, from those dear eyes outshining,
Lit up your cheek, and chased the tear away.

It circled round my heart, to feed the hope,
That, from a child, into a giant grew,
Ambition's portal, glory's gate to ope,
You were the world, and I had conquered *you*.

Well, I had scarcely got to a conclusion, when whom should I see in the distance, with her parasol up, and "CARUS'S Life of SIMEON" in her hand, but Belinda herself! To jump up, at the imminent risk of breaking the bottle, to bound over a stile, and to run towards her, panting, and with the sonnet in my extended hand, was the work of an instant. It struck me that she looked rather coolly at me when I reached her side. Perhaps it was only fancy, but, at all events, the fancy took so strong a hold of me, that I could not help saying, "Do you feel at all unwell to-day, my loved one?"

"Not in the least unwell, I thank you, *Mr. JONES*," she replied, lifting her eyes for a moment from the truly delightful work on which she was engaged, and returning to it forthwith.

"Why is it then," I exclaimed, passionately,

racking my brains, at the same time, to find out what cause of offence I could have given her. "Why is it, that you look so coldly upon your DAVID. Oh, do not trifle with the feelings of one whom you will only goad on to desperation. Oh, tempt me not to the commission of any desperate act. You do not answer me. Well, then, listen to what is about to follow. If you want to know what is about to take place, cruel Belinda, listen!"

Moved by the abruptness of my manner, she *did* listen, and in a moment was startled by a loud explosion in my coat-pocket, as the cork of the gooseberry wine bottle sprung forth, and struck her, by no means gently, upon the nose. I was so stupified that I could not even move. Meanwhile the neck of the bottle, being brought by the position in which I was standing, to bear full upon her lovely countenance, continued, for some time, to discharge a torrent of British champagne, over her fair neck and bosom. To add to my discomfiture, I heard the chuckle of PAWKINS, and the loud roar

of Pocock, who it appears had witnessed the accident from behind the hedge, and were now approaching.

"There is no need of an apology, sir, I can assure you," said the drenched young lady, as soon as, the bottle having quite expended its contents upon her, we had somewhat recovered our presence of mind, and she was moving off towards home, like another Undine, "you will favour me therefore by not attempting one." There was an ominous twinkle of malice in that girl's eye, as the drops of sparkling liquid coursed each other down her red satin frock.

The same night I was summoned by my tutor into his study. "After what has happened to-day, Mr. JONES," said he, "it will of course be impossible for you to remain any longer an inmate of this humble and happy Christian home. You will yourself see the propriety of at once withdrawing, Mr. JONES." I was stupefied. "What do you allude to, sir?" said I, "surely not to that

little accident which happened to-day—the bursting of the cork, I mean, when I was talking to Miss Belinda? Nobody can be better aware than herself, that it was *but* an accident."

"If you suppose, Mr. JONES," replied he, "that the mere fact of a little occurrence of that sort having taken place, under ordinary circumstances, would be sufficient to cause me to dismiss a pupil from under my roof, you greatly misunderstand the feelings by which I am actuated towards those, who either entrust themselves, or are entrusted by their parents, to my paternal care. No sir! you might have spoiled fifty dresses of my daughter's, you might have deluged her, a hundred times, from head to foot, and that would have formed no cause of complaint, on my part, against you. It is the fact of your walking about in the middle of the day—yes, sir, in the *middle* of the day—with spirituous liquors, concealed in your pockets, that renders you unfit to remain longer in this house, or to mix with a truly Christian and

Evangelical family. Gracious me! Champagne too"—

"But, sir," I interrupted, "it was only British champagne, I can assure you."

"*British* champagne!" replied Mr. Buzzard, "of what avail is that paltry subterfuge? As well might a Frenchman excuse himself for getting drunk, on the plea that it was only off French brandy, or a West Indian consider himself guiltless, because he had been drinking nothing but Jamaica rum. This is a very poor justification indeed. You must find some better one, sir, or I shall be compelled to abide by my original opinion of you."

"I have nothing further to say, sir," I answered, "except that your daughter and I"—

"I know what you are about to tell me," put in Mr. Buzzard—"that you have succeeded in winning the affections of my artless girl. It was only last night that, with a burst of tears, she informed me of the event, and begged me not to interpose

to prevent her happiness. But you know my principles sir. You were at that time supposed to be the heir to a large fortune, and we know how difficult it is for a rich man to enter into heaven. I could not therefore have entrusted Belinda's happiness to the keeping of a man, who laboured under such a terrible responsibility. Firmly, though with considerable pain, I refused to sanction your suit.

"But, this morning, I was delighted to hear the intelligence that you would not be a man of wealth. Your uncle was married, and you will henceforth have only a moderate income. This intelligence would have gained you my daughter's hand, Mr. JONES, had it not been for the revelation made by the providential bursting of that spirit bottle—well, champagne bottle if you like it—it is the same thing. This consideration is what renders your dismissal doubly painful to me; with worldly and unregenerate people, I doubt not that your uncle's marriage would have operated against

you; with *me* it was the very thing to advance your interests. Oh, Mr. JONES, look well to the heart, examine well the workings of the heart. I do not despair of you—but this evening we must part, I am sorry to say, for the present."

The good man, however, wouldn't let me go till he had sung a hymn with me, and prayed for my amendment. At night-fall I started off in a post-chaise, and left my BELINDA without an interview. Poor thing! she's married now, and strangely enough, they say it is to a very wealthy Johnian. But to think that my love should have been nipped in the bud by the bursting of a gooseberry wine cork. What do you think of it, SMITH? You're the man I know to give advice.

"Why, that I scarcely know," I replied, "which was the luckiest thing—the popping of the cork for old Buzzard, or your uncle's marriage for yourself."

"Why so? How do you mean?" asked JONES.
"I mean that the one event gave BUZZARD a

decent excuse to turn you off, when you appeared to be no longer an eligible match; the other, though it deprived you of the prospect of a fortune, yet set you free from some of the most execrable harpies that ever yet preyed upon Undergraduates in the long vacation."

"Why good God!" cried JONES, "Mr. BUZZARD was an Evangelical clergyman. You don't suppose that anything sordid ever"—

"JONES, you have been talking for some time, and must be dry. Sit down and take some pale ale." And I turned the conversation into another channel.

If I have succeeded in tiring the reader, and making him yawn over the above episode, then will my proudest wish be indeed accomplished. For he will be able to tell by actual experience the horror of being made a *confidante* in University love-matters, and will be induced to shun, as though it were a pest, the character of being a discreet man. I can assure him, however, that

what I have written is TRUE, and pretty nearly word for word as I had it from the lips of a friend some months ago. And to it I will take the liberty of appending the following moral—

Let young gentlemen, of susceptible hearts, avoid reading, in the long vacation, with clergymen of Evangelical principles, who have corresponded with SIMEON, and speak at May Meetings, and compose hymn-books, and speak of the utter emptiness of the world whenever they meet you, *and have young unmarried daughters.*

THE MARRIED CANTAB.

Just as we introduced "the fast man" to the reader, after having parted company with "the reading man," so, in natural succession to the "Undergraduate who is in love," comes his diametrical opposite, "the Undergraduate who is married."

The married Undergraduate is commonly much older than the majority of single students (if we except Queen's men). Not unfrequently, indeed, he has attained to that age, when grey hair has superseded the flaxen locks of youth; when the trowsers require to be let out, rather in breadth than in length; when, the table cloth being re-

moved, waistcoats have to be adjusted to their after-dinner focus, and a nap is taken on the sofa; when young fellows pause deferentially in the midst of their equivocal talk, and listen to your stories, and laugh; when, in fact, a man is no longer what he used to be—"in the year '27 sir, when I was a stripling sir, and a d——d rowing young chap, by Jove."

There is generally some sufficient reason for his coming up to college at this advanced period of his life, as you will find out if you ask him. Either he has served in the army and, peace having become general, is converted, and going into the church; or he has been for some years at the bar without getting a brief, is converted and, &c.; or else a rich family living is likely to become vacant, he is, &c. For, ordinarily speaking, married Undergraduates are going to take holy orders. The reason is obvious. No man who has taken unto himself a spouse would, I apprehend, much enjoy his three years of student

life. He would not, in all probability, come up at all, unless compelled to do so. But what is the profession to enter into which he must be a B.A.? The Church. Therefore married Undergraduates are, with few exceptions, going into the Church. Q.E.D.

These old fogies, however (many of whom by the way are fellow-commoners), cannot, of course, any more than their juniors, be supposed to be all of one way of thinking. To some, indeed, you look up rather as if they were fathers, or tutors, or something of that sort, than as fellow students of the same college as yourself. You ask them to breakfast, by themselves, or to meet one or two staid men upon whom you can rely. You are nearly ready to sink under the table with shame and vexation, when a fast friend rushes in unwittingly, with an oath, and a lighted cigar. You ask him rather coldly to take a seat, and look at your married guest, as much as to say, "Don't suppose I know much of the fellow! He is but a

passing acquaintance. Shocking debauched character! how I long for him to go out again." The "shocking debauched character" is, it is needless to say, your bosom friend, whom you had particularly requested not to come in on that morning.

On the other hand, there are married men, and men pretty well advanced in the vale of years, who do not seem to be so very particular about the society which they frequent. Indeed, one of the most jovial fellows I ever knew was the lamented TUGGINS of Queen's, or TOM TUG as we used to call him, a grey-haired freshman of about fifty-five, with a strong tendency to gout. He rented a cottage in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and expected soon to have a vote for the county. It was in the garden of this cottage that I was first introduced to him by a mutual friend. He was digging in his shirt sleeves and a broad brimmed straw hat, while the maid servant was employed in drawing Master Thomas and Miss Jane up and down the gravel walk, in one of those

infantine vehicles out of which it is so wonderful that our babies do not tumble even more often than they do. Distant visions of Mrs. Tuggins superintending the dinner presented themselves to us, through the kitchen window, while an odour of roast pork pervaded the front hall and the staircase, as soon as we had made our entrance. Nothing would do but we were to go into his private room, or "study" as he called it strangely enough, for the purpose of drinking Dublin stout, and enjoying a social pipe. I had an acquaintance with him from that day henceforth. Oh! the pleasant little supper parties that we used to have at that cottage, when Mrs. T. would leave the dining parlour at an early hour, and retire to seek that repose which I doubt very much whether she ever obtained, considering the pathetic ballads which we used to roar out, over the whiskey-toddy and rum punch.

It does not, however, by any means follow that because you know the husband you are admitted

to the society of the wife. You meet Mr. and Mrs. Z. walking every day upon the Trumpington Road; Z. whom you are in the habit of patting upon the back, asking him at the same time how he has left his better half, when you meet him in college. A nod, and possibly a sly wink, passes between you two, but Mrs. Z. is quite ignorant of who you are. When you have passed on, a dialogue ensues between the happy pair.

“Who is that debauched-looking young man with whom you appear to be *so* intimate, Mr. ZANY?” asks the wife.

“Only Smith of our hall,” replies Mr. Z. “a very good sort of fellow. By the bye, my love, I was thinking of asking him”—

“Not to my *house*, sir, if that is what you mean. No, I shall not quite submit to have such a low person introduced to *me*, whoever *you* may think fit to associate with, Mr. Zany. He does not come into my house, and so I tell you at once.”

And so you don’t. And perhaps it’s an advan-

tage after all. For the fact is that, during term time, we suffer ourselves to fall into a few little bachelor eccentricities, amiable and inoffensive doubtless in themselves, but not exactly qualified to raise us in the estimation of the ladies. The truth of this position was never so distinctly proved to me, as yesterday, whem my friend TOPHAM rushed in, and, in deplorable accents, informed me that he had for ever forfeited the esteem of his patron, the Master of St. Highbury Hall, from whom, to tell the truth, he had been all along expecting a college living.

“ How so?” I enquired, “ what in the world have you been doing?”

“ Why,” said he “ I was walking in the gardens, about an hour and a half ago, when I met Dr. and Mrs. Whittler, who insisted on my coming into the lodge with them, to lunch. I invented as many excuses as I could think of, but they would positively take no refusal. After lunch, as I was engaged in talking to Mrs. Whittler about CARIOR’S

last sermon, and the good that it had done me, the children bounded down from the nursery in a body, and commenced running round and round my chair, and poking pins into the calves of my legs, as you know that playful children will do. Smarting under this operation, and yet making a dismal attempt to grin, I was quoting that part of the discourse where the preacher warns his hearers against the temptations of a University career, dissipation, spirit-drinking, &c., when Newton Whittler—you know that great boy—well, Newton rushed from behind me with a look of triumph, and, holding up divers articles to his mother's inspection, exclaimed, ‘ See, mamma, what I've found in Mr. Topham's pockets!’ Great heavens! the young rogue had, without my knowing it, divested them of the whole of their contents.

“ They were these—

One short pipe.

One ditto with longer stem.

A card of Newmarket races.

My pocket flask, containing whiskey.
A miniature edition of Lord Byron's Don Juan.
Two-pennyworth of tobacco, wrapped up in
brown paper.

And a squirt.

" You should have seen Mrs. Whittler's face. I
shall never, never, never be asked *there* again.
That I'm sure of, SMITH."

The moral to be deduced from the foregoing
little anecdote exactly tallies with my previous
statement, viz. that the Society of Undergraduates
is not the best training school for that of the fair
sex. For if my young friend had been at home,
instead of at the University, I apprehend that he
would not have had occasion to carry about in his
pockets, when going out for a walk, either—

A couple of pipes.

Or a Don Juan.

Or a card of the races.

Or two-pennyworth of tobacco.

Or, in fine,

a Squirt.

There would have been no fear, I say, of any playful and high-spirited boy abstracting them from the recesses of his coat. He would not have forfeited the esteem of Dr. or Mrs. WHITTLER, or lost all chance of that college living to which he had been so long and so anxiously looking forward.

THE ULTRA-EVANGELICAL CANTAB, OR "SIM."

There may arise considerable doubts, in the well-constituted minds of some of my readers, as to whether the consideration of the "Low-Church Undergraduate" lies exactly within the province of the present writer. I have had such doubts myself. I have been afraid lest, in attempting to note down a few of the peculiarities of such as may be said to hold extravagant religious doctrines, I should be suspected of a desire to laugh at all things sacred, at all true godliness of character, at everything, in short, that tends to elevate the character, and to purify the soul.

Let it be understood, however, *in limine*, that I

apply the term “SIM” to designate—not as too many have done, such as refuse to join in their own lawless pursuits, on the plea of conscience and religious duty—but rather those men, of whom I have seen not a few in my time, whose charity appears to consist in condemning every one but themselves; who tell you that the theatre is the workshop of Satan; the ball room, a rendezvous for lost spirits; novels, the literature of hell; that the only newspaper the Christian ought to read is the *Record*; and the only lectures worth hearing, those of Mr. CARISSIMUS.

And here let me make a remark which will prevent much misapprehension. Just as, in treating of “the Boating Undergraduate,” I did not allude to *all* boating Undergraduates, many of whom, doubtless, by entering upon the pursuit moderately, derive from it great pleasure and real advantage; just as under the term “the man who is in love,” I did not include *all* men who have an affair of the heart, a great number of whom con-

duct themselves with signal propriety under the circumstances; so, also, in saying a few words on the subject of "Sims," it is by no means my wish to cast a *stone* at *all* such as revere the memory of the late Revd. Charles Simeon, but at those only, who while they strive to imitate the eccentricities, and, what I humbly venture to call, *errors*, in that good man's religious belief, would do well if they fixed their attention a little more closely upon his precepts on other matters—on Christian charity—on purity of mind and morals—on pride—on judging others—on universal benevolence and philanthropy.

And now let me warn the fast man; and the sporting man, and the free-thinker, and *hoc genus omne*—if my little book shall be sufficiently honored to find its way into the hands of any such—that they had better skip this chapter, and go on to the next. It will be as unintelligible to them as if it were written in one of the dead languages.

It is impossible that *they* should be acquainted with any SIM.

The ultra-Evangelical Undergraduate or SIM then, is not often to be met with by the unregenerate, except in hall, in chapel, walking from two to four o'clock, or at small wine parties of an exceedingly mild description. Whether he be a reading man depends entirely upon circumstances. The mania, occasionally indeed, lays hold of some distinguished personage, a high wrangler for instance, or one well up in the list of classical honors. But its effects are most frequently to be traced in those, who having studied night and morning for three years, appear at last in the third class of the "Poll," or are destined to have their names handed down to posterity in the Cambridge Calendar, as *Junior Optimes*. Sometimes, the SIM refuses altogether to follow in the beaten course, eschewing classical authors as immoral and lascivious, and mathematics as a useless

waste of time. He undergoes therefore a course of daily reading, which consists for the most part of the following authors—Bunyan, Baxter, Newton, Scott, Romaine, Wilberforce, Hannah More, Gurnall, Doddridge, Matthew Henry, and others too numerous to mention. His favorite poets are Dr. Watts, Bishop Heber, Henry Kirke White, Mrs. Hemans, and Charlotte Elizabeth. His periodicals—the Record, the Church of England Magazine, the Christian Observer, the Visitor, and various Missionary Magazines. His favorite works of fiction—the Pilgrim's Progress, the Barren Fig Tree, the Sacred War, the Annals of the Poor, Death a vision, and Dunallan. All good works, all calculated to make us know our duty, and perform it better, but surely never intended by their authors to be the subjects of daily, even hourly, study and meditation. Suppose the greater part of the world turned Sims to-morrow, and took to reading nothing but these books, how inconvenient it would be for the unconverted minority!

"Mr. Deighton, when are the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's History of England to appear?" "Not at all, Sir. He has abandoned the design. But we shall have his commentary on Job, early in November."

With the writings of the early fathers, the ultra-Sim does not profess to be particularly acquainted. In fact, he considers it rather Puseyitical and High-Church to know anything about them. The Roman Catholic, the clergyman who preaches in his surplice, the sign of the cross, the Bishop of Exeter, Mr. Newman, and the Pope for the time being, are equally objects of his abhorrence. To decisions pronounced by Councils of the Church he attaches no sort of importance, deeming it rather expedient that every man should judge for himself. But the *dictum* of Mr. MacNeile, or Mr. Close, or Mr. Dale, or the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, (until very lately) he has been accustomed to trust implicitly. They are his "councils" as it were. He does not want any

other. I am reminded by the casual, and perhaps irreverent, introduction of these eminent names, that, of all men, the Sim is the greatest hunter after popular preachers. He would go without his dinner to hear Mr. Close "hold forth" at Great St. Mary's; he details with satisfaction the benefit he has derived from "sitting under" Mr MacNeile for six successive Sundays at Liverpool. Nor am I disposed to question the truth of his statement in this particular. I don't *believe*, but rather *know*, that the greatest possible advantage will accrue to the attentive listener, from the discourses of either of these gentlemen. But what I *do* object to is, the tribute of hero-worship which is paid to popular preachers of their own persuasion, by poor, deluded, infatuated Sims; the cringing subservience with which their every opinion is received; the superior, almost Angelic, virtue which is supposed to belong to them. Great Heavens, Sir, I know as well as you do, that an "Evangelical" clergyman of eminence may be a

good man, nay, that he *is* generally a good man, but you will pardon me if I fall into error, in considering him a *man* still—a man with failings just like you or I, liable to fall as we are, not to be implicitly trusted or exalted into a God, any more than another mortal. But when I hear that Mr So-and-so has had two hundred and sixty pair of slippers worked for him by the ladies of his congregation in the course of the past year; that when Mr. So-and-so mentions a book incidentally in his sermon, all the old dowagers in the parish rush off and purchase it, the next day, so as to give occasion to the following remark which I have read in a religious periodical, “I would rather have a work of a local nature, if I wrote one, favorably spoken of by him in the pulpit, than eulogistically reviewed either in the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*”; when I learn that in a particular town, which shall be nameless, there are mothers who will not bestow their daughters in marriage, without first obtaining the consent of the Revd.

Mr. A. to the match; that in the city of — it is dangerous to impugn the opinion of Mr. B. at the dinner table, even though given on some secular matter,—then I confess that I am anxious to have a sight of these men, who appear to exercise a more tremendous influence over their followers than ever Mahomet did over the wild Arabians who followed his standard, or in later times, M. Proudhon over the deluded wretches, who emigrated in shoals to seek, under his auspices, an El Dorado in the sterile plains of Icaria. One can't help too being somehow or other reminded of that excellent work, "the Jesuit in the Family." Is it possible that in this, as well as in other cases, extremes meet?

And now, my dear friend, *you*, whose pardon I hope to obtain for calling you by the vulgar nickname of "Sim"—answer me one question fairly, openly, without subterfuge. Call me what you like, for asking it, but let the reply be that dictated by your conscience.

When you see a printed placard in the street such as the subjoined (only in larger type):—

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

THE REVD. H. MACNEILE

will preach a Charity Sermon, on Sunday next, in aid of, &c., &c.

You probably determine in your mind to hear that sermon, and repair to St. Mary's at the appointed time, accordingly.

Very well. I too when I cast my eyes upon a notice such as this,

PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

M R. M A C R E A D Y

will make his first appearance on Monday next, in the part of, &c., &c.

may possibly resolve to witness the efforts of that tragedian, and take my place in the gallery of the theatre, just as you do in that of the church.

Now then, the question that I wish to ask you is this. Can it be that there is any similarity

between the feeling which induces you to go to the one place, and that which tempts me to go to the other? Is it the pure milk of the word that you are so anxious to drink in, or are you at all—slightly perhaps, but still a little bit—attracted by the sound of a great name? Could any parallel be drawn between the excitement which is caused in your mind by the fiery denunciations of the preacher, and that produced in mine by the burning words, the outburst of wrath, the simulated despair of the actor? Are you as attentive to the church service, as you are to the sermon?—or do you sometimes feel sensible of entertaining a desire that the liturgy were at an end, and the great orator in the pulpit—just as in some of the scenes, I long for *Polonius*, and *Laertes*, and *Ophelia*, and the *King*, and the *Queen*, to have said their say, and to be gone about their business, in order that I may have *Hamlet* back again? Do you, or do you not, confess to such a feeling? Mind, I am not comparing a church with a theatre;

I know as well that it is a religious duty to attend the one, as I do that to frequent the other is an indulgence open to some grave objections. But what I wish to inculcate on you is the possibility that in the case referred to, we are each of us seeking excitement under a different form, and that you go to church to see and hear *MacNeile*, just as I go to the theatre to see and hear *MacReady*.

To return however to the subject more immediately under consideration, the SIM has a peculiar jargon, borrowed from the Sacred Scriptures, and to my way of thinking, offensive and irreverent in the extreme. He speaks of A. as "a young man actuated no doubt by highly benevolent motives, but a sad *worldling*, a sad *worldling*"; of B. as "one who has not yet experienced the *saving change*"; of C. as "one of the *unconverted*," and so on. It does not at all follow, because these opinions have been expressed about them, that A. or B. or C. are persons of notoriously bad

lives. A. is a Tractarian perhaps, B. has been seen in a theatre, C. at a race-course. It is quite sufficient. The sentence has gone forth against them. Eternal misery will be their portion, at least so says the Sim, although I dare say he would be shocked, if you told him that that was the inference to be drawn from his remark.

Never shall I forget the rebuke which I once heard administered to a popular Evangelical preacher, by a venerable Archdeacon, formerly fellow of a College in this University. There had been some conversation about a wealthy parishioner of the former, in the course of which Mr. —— said, “Poor Sir John! He is, I fear, in the broad road to everlasting perdition,” adding at the same time to his neighbour the archdeacon, “now Sir, would you have that man for your churchwarden, *if you were in my place?*”

“Mr. ——,” replied the clergyman addressed, “it is impossible for me to say what my line of conduct might be, if I were in your place. I have

responsibilities enough already. I have to visit the sick, to comfort the bruised in spirit, and to preach the word of God to my people, independently of the duties which devolve upon me as an officer of the church. But I cannot for a single moment suppose myself in the situation of one, who carries in his hand, as you appear to do, the *keys of heaven and the keys of hell.*"

Now, the Sims, of all others, offend most deeply against that injunction which the reprimand of the worthy archdeacon was meant to convey. Where they sit in judgment, the acquittals are few, the condemnations many. There are but few souls that are returned "not guilty," at the bar of their opinion. If any reader think this statement an exaggeration, let him turn to a number of the *Evangelical Magazine*, published some time in 1847, where he will find an article headed, "Can the Christian dance?" in which it is clearly shewn that the Christian *cannot* be a dancer. The inference plainly is that if you are a dancer, you

are not a Christian. Now, reader, do you ever dance? If so, you are not a Christian in the opinion of the conductors of the *Evangelical Magazine*. You know what that is a mild term for? If you don't I will tell you. It means that if you go to balls, you will go to *hell*. There is no use whatever in blinking the matter, by veiling it under a milder form of words. The impropriety of the expression, if there be any, will be laid to the charge of those who have compelled me to pen it, by publishing such impious, unmeaning, uncharitable and loathsome balderdash as the article alluded to.

I have said that the SIM is fond of frequenting small wine parties, of a mild description, where he meets with other students of a similar way of thinking. Here the conversation is chiefly on the leading topic of the day, the May meetings, the Trincomalee mission, the secession of Baptist Noel, Julius Charles Hare and the Stirling Club, &c. &c. They speak in a slow measured tone of voice,

which I remark to be very popular amongst persons of their persuasion. Texts are fired off round the table, like crackers at a supper of the ungodly. Sometimes a joke is attempted, it is needless to say of the very mildest kind. However jokes of any sort being a rarity with them, they laugh approvingly. Their parties however are for the most part about as jovial as a Puritan conventicle, which indeed, from the long pale sallow faces glaring at you, over the calico neck-cloths, and the drawling voices of the guests, they not a little resemble. By a slight effort of the imagination, you might fancy that youth at the top of the table to be Praise-God Barebones himself, and the gentleman at the bottom, that brother of his, who though he enjoyed a whole text of Scripture to his Christian name, most commonly went by the last, and most expressive word in it.

If a *worldly* person—which means in fact any person who does not happen to belong to the Evangelical party—should chance to find himself

in the midst of one of these conclaves, he must take care not to endanger his position by indulging in remarks of an equivocal and unspiritual nature, which *savour of the flesh*. I have heard statues such as the "Venus de Medici," and pictures such as Rubens' "Judgment of Paris," censured as immoral, because they exhibit the naked figure—I have heard it said that no truly religious man could invest money in a Railway, because Sunday travelling is permitted on the lines—I have known an undergraduate to be looked upon coldly by his friends for playing a rubber at whist—I have been given to understand, over and over again, that to argue in favor of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, or the repeal of capital punishment, proves the individual so arguing to be a practical infidel. All these statements, and a great many more, have I heard at various times in this enlightened University, but have invariably repressed my inclination to laugh. I recommend the reader to imitate my example, when placed

in similar circumstances. If he does not, however, feel inclined to hold his tongue, through respect to the feelings of the assembled party, let him at all events do so, from considerations of a personal nature. For he may rest well assured that if he indulge in any unseemly outburst of merriment, he will be a marked man from that hour. His Evangelical acquaintance will drop off from him as though he were a moral pest, or meet together once a week, to make him the subject of prayer, as I have actually known to have been done. He will have his appetite taken away by the receipt of frightful tracts, showing that there is no doubt whatever as to where we are all going to, with the exception of a chosen few who appear to keep salvation in their own hands. Freshmen will be warned against associating with him. Comparisons will be instituted between him and certain Scriptural characters, such as Esau or Absalom. It is not impossible that he will be shewn to have been predicted in the Revelation, under the name of "the

man of sin," or something of that sort—[For I remark that, with the Low-church party, the Apocalypse is a kind of "Chamber of Horrors," into which every criminal on a large scale is sure to be introduced. Alexander and Mahomet are spoken of there. So also is Bonaparte. And I will be bound that, to the end of the world, there will exist no great murderer, or assassin, or conqueror (call him what you will), for whose reception into the bosom of Prophecy, a vacant text or so will not be prepared by these ingenious commentators and divines.]

I am aware that there are many Undergraduates who will feel inclined to lay down my book at this stage, and ask with indignation whether my portrait of a SM be a true and correct one. "You have represented them as the proudest of human beings," some one will say, "whereas they are in reality the most humble; you have spoken of them as holding salvation in their own hands—are they not on the contrary of all men the most ready to

acknowledge their own sinfulness? You tell us of their judging others—but you do not mention the tears and bitter contrition, with which they are daily accusing and condemning themselves."

Wait a minute, my dear friend and objector! Is it possible that you are so little acquainted with the workings of the human mind as not to know that there is such a thing as a morbid feeling of pride, in making ourselves out to be worse than we really are. "No humility," says Henry Taylor in his admirable *Notes from Life*, "is thoroughly sound which is not thoroughly truthful. The man who brings misdirected or inflated accusations against himself, does so in a false humility, and will probably be found to indemnify himself on one side or another." You love to throw away your reputation, as it were, by constantly calling yourself the most miserable of sinners, in much the same spirit that the degraded Indian is content to throw away his life, beneath the chariot-wheels of the Idol Juggernaut. In both cases there is a

kind of morbid pleasure to compensate for the sacrifice of self; in both, a more than adequate remuneration is expected by the sufferer.

I will mention to you a little circumstance, however, which rather makes me doubt the sincerity of these self-accusations.

Not very long ago, I was induced to go and hear a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. —, one of the leading Evangelicals of this town. After dividing his subject into heads, he proceeded to enlarge upon each of them in a very straightforward and sensible way, till at last he reached the climax or culminating point of his discourse, which was the part that more particularly rivetted my attention. It consisted in a denunciation of the sinfulness of the assembled congregation, and was of a kind calculated to make the hearer hold on by the edge of the pew, for fear of falling down in a swoon. Amongst the greatest of sinners the preacher specified himself; his soul was, according to his own account, a loathsome and leprous

one. It was only by a miracle that he was permitted to live at all. Night and morning, he felt a sense of his own unworthiness, which nothing could remove ; a consciousness of degradation which rendered an indulgence, on his part, in the frivolous vanities of the world, not only highly improper and undesirable, but utterly impossible. In constant meditation and self-reproach lay his only consolation and hope of acceptance with heaven.

Well, my dear Sir, not very long afterwards, I was honored by an invitation to meet the preacher of this memorable sermon, at a dinner-party. You will not be surprised when I tell you that I was extremely curious to see how an individual overburdened with the consciousness of such tremendous guilt, would conduct himself on a festive occasion. Perhaps he would be in tears the whole time! Probably, he would scarcely be able to raise a morsel to his hot and feverish lips!

But, to my unutterable astonishment and con-

sternation, this miserable sinner, this moral leper, and daily offender against heaven, turned out to be the most jovial fellow in the whole room! Sin, that had made such fearful ravages in his mind, had not apparently as yet reached his appetite. He took wine with every one all round, and told stories which made you die of laughter. Ah! it will be a long time before I forget the pleasant evening that I spent in company with that self-reproaching and contrite, but turbot-loving and port-absorbing, sinner.

Now, my dear SIMS, you have my reasons for doubting whether you are all of you in such a miserable state as you sometimes depict yourselves. My anecdote you may call a sneer at religion, if you like. But rest assured that it is a kind of religion for which the worldly, that is to say, the non-Evangelical part of the community will always retain a very vulgar but expressive dissyllabic name—and that dissyllabic name is HUMBUG.

THE SPORTING CANTAB.

The Sporting Undergraduate, in common with the Undergraduate who is fond of London life, must be regarded as a mere branch or off-shoot from that great parent trunk of Fastness, at which we have aimed a few ineffectual strokes, in a former part of our volume. Care must however be taken not to include under the appellation of "Sporting Men" persons who do not deserve to be designated by that title. I look with the most profound admiration and respect (founded on my utter inability to do the thing myself) upon the man who can ride at a stone wall, without holding on by the saddle, and commanding himself to

providence; I confess that I envy the individual who is as certain of hitting the partridge at which he aims, as I am of *not* hitting the one at which I aim. With such as these, the present chapter has nothing whatever to do. They are Sportsmen, not Sporting men; and between these two terms there exists the same degree of difference, as between the words "gentleman" and "gent." It is not these sort of persons who bother you with an account of the exploits which they have achieved. Their reputation is established—they have no need of going through the dirty work of building it up. The man who tells you exultingly of the brooks that he has ridden over, and the number of head of game that he has bagged, is most commonly the one that went half a mile round to avoid a two-foot ditch, and who would in all probability hit you in the hat or the calf of the leg, the very first time that he went out shooting with you.

The SPORTING MAN then (according to the meaning which I take the liberty of affixing to

the words) may be recognized by his having something or other about him, which reminds you forcibly of the stable. His coat is a cut-away, and his trousers fit tightly over the boot. The whole of the middle of his person is enveloped by a long ostler-waistcoat, and his neck by a scarf of bird's-eye blue. A fox's head, or a dog's head, or a richly chased horse with ruby eyes, are the favorite devices on the top of his pin. He is much given to huge over-coats, with saucer buttons, and his hat, a very bad one (all Sporting Men wear bad hats) is secured from being carried off, by means of a string which is attached to one of the button holes.

When not actually in his cap and gown, he may be often distinguished from the professional groom by his having a cigar in his mouth. He makes a rule of turning round to examine every horse that passes, and points critically with his forefinger at the legs of the quadruped. Sometimes he will make a remark such as, "I'll be

blowed if I don't know that nag. Where the deuce can I have seen him before!" At last it turns out that he has seen him six years ago, standing before the door of a public house in the south of Ireland. But bless you! he never forgets an animal that he has once set eyes on. He can tell all their diseases—and who knows, perhaps even their pedigrees—as he sees them trot by. He is the Burke and Debrett of horse-flesh.

The interior of a Sporting Man's apartment is perhaps upon the whole a curiosity. Let us now put a not very improbable case, and suppose that as you are walking along revolving a problem, you are suddenly seized in the fleshy part of the leg by the jaws of STUBBS' dog—his playful little poodle. You turn round and discover STUBBS himself, laughing and grinning, and puffing out tobacco-smoke, behind you. We will suppose that his rooms are contiguous and that he asks you up to have a glass of sherry, the least that he can do after the painful occurrence just alluded to. "Rum

little fellow Spot is, isn't he?" he asks as you walk along, "hope he didn't hurt you, by the bye. I taught him that trick myself." You do not however view the incident in the same facetious light as your friend, nor indeed feel disposed to laugh at all, until you see the trick played off on an elderly gentleman in front, when you forget the painful nature of your own sufferings in a keen enjoyment of those which he is made to endure.

Well, we will suppose that you have arrived at the door of the apartment. It is no sooner opened by your host, than a strong smell, as of a menagerie, strikes upon your olfactory nerves. At the same time, three or four enormous dogs, such as Scotch greyhounds, for example, glide playfully through your legs, and sniff around you in a way which tends on the whole to render a man unaccustomed to the canine race, uncomfortable. You sink down upon a chair, but rise with a shriek, having sat upon a ferret. Your host lays down his "*Bell's Life*" and runs up to the ferret,

hoping he has not been hurt. Perhaps, if you are a malicious man, your wishes will be rather on the opposite side. I confess that mine were, upon an occasion of a similar kind.

You will now, if you take the trouble of casting a glance around you, perceive that the walls are covered with pictures, and that those pictures are of three different kinds. Firstly, you may notice the purely sporting engravings, such as that of TOM SPAVIN on his horse Sancho Panza, at the Liverpool Grand Steeple Chase—by the bye, look at that chasm which he has just cleared; it must be a hundred and thirty feet wide, at the very least—the portraits of Cossack, &c., winners of their respective Derbies; and the four interesting engravings of the Chase, with a fiery red fox cantering over intensely green grass under a vivid blue sky. Then, secondly, there are what may be called domestic sporting pictures, consisting of that oil-painting there, of Mr. Stubbs on his celebrated stallion GAPSTER, and that over the mantel

piece of the greyhound DADDY LONG-LEGS, late the property of Alfred Stubbs, Esquire. Lastly, on the wall behind you, there are—well I don't want you to look at them unless you like. I own that they *are* slightly indelicate. They are common however to many rooms besides those of the Sporting Man. They are by eminent Parisian artists, and are instances of the good taste and sound moral feeling prevailing amongst the painters of that great city.

In the left hand corner, stands Mr. STUBBS' library. It is rather select than extensive, comprising for the most part Sporting Reviews and Stud Books. The top shelf of the bookcase forms a receptacle for hunting whips, spurs, powder-flasks, spirit flasks, dirty buckskin gloves, and other articles peculiar to the Sportsman. Above the chimney piece and below the Portrait of DADDY LONG-LEGS, just referred to, are tandem whips, and fishing rods, together with a couple of fox brushes, believed by credulous minds to have

been actually cut off the yet warm animal, by STUBBS himself. On one side of the door, hangs the skin of an orang-outang, which, he tells you, his brother killed with a large stone, when walking out one day in the neighbourhood of Palermo. On the other, are to be seen the identical top-boots in which he used to ride to hounds with the Pytchley, at six years of age. I am inclined to look upon these boots as the greatest *chef-d'œuvre* in the whole room. The ingenious man who made them (and whose name I will never reveal) is entitled to the highest degree of credit. You see, in cases like this, you have to look at your customer, and then judging from his present height and size what he is likely to have been at the age specified, go to work accordingly. So that we are fairly justified in ranking them as productions of very high art.

In this elegant little apartment we will suppose you to have sat for some short time, talking about subjects with which you have but a small acquaint-

ance, though you may pretend (as probably you will) to possess a good deal, such as the chances of such and such a horse winning the next Derby, or the prospects of the new Subscription Pack in the south of France—when it is not unlikely that you will be disturbed by a rap at the door. “Come in!” says your host, and enter a rough-looking individual surrounded by a few specimens of the spaniel and retriever breed. He is come by appointment to arrange a little bargain. “Good Heavens! Stubbs,” you exclaim, “why haven’t you got dogs enough already?” No Sir, that delightful bitch, warranted to do almost anything that you can name, is about to be added to your friend’s collection, or, in Sporting language, “to be drafted into his kennel.” A few “old” coats, and serviceable waistcoats will complete the purchase-money for that admirable little quadruped, who is so exceedingly fast that she will have run clean out of sight by the day after to-morrow, and so extremely sagacious that I should not be surprized

if she managed to regain the home of her former owner, after this temporary absence. However, if this should prove the case, Stubbs will have nobody but himself to blame.

The dog-fancier having taken his departure, with one or two trifling articles which were not perhaps expressly included in the contract, but which the superiority of his genius has made his own (a silver fork for instance, or a table spoon or so), I can imagine a second rap at the door taking place, and an ostler making his appearance for beer. He took Mr. Stubbs' horse home last night, and, feeling dry, has dropped in. (By the bye, what wonderful men those ostlers are. They are *always* "dry." Their throats appear to be like those of mummies. No moisture of any sort can assuage the burning thirst to which they are perpetual victims. Their stomachs resemble *Avernus*, so easily and rapidly does everything descend into them. For my part I confess that

when I read what the stomach is reported to be capable of containing, of the bounds and limits which nature has set to its expansive powers, and then observe what that of an ostler *does* sometimes manage to contain, my belief in the researches of medical science is much shaken).

The ostler, then, having drained the contents of the shining pewter, and obtained a cheroot or two in answer to his question, "I say, Gov'nor, you don't happen to have a bit of smoke in your pocket, do you?" will possibly make way for the stable-keeper, who will be succeeded, in his turn, by the man who has arrived from Newmarket to communicate important (and of course, strictly secret) intelligence respecting the races. "Don't you go saying as I told you, but take and lay your money on Loo-choo," says he. There are a set of these fellows, who regularly live upon Sporting Undergraduates. Their tactics are simple enough. As they recommend to each separate

man a separate horse, they must of course pocket a gratuity from some quarter or other. Their favorite drink (when they can get it) is champagne.

On the departure of the prophet, it is not altogether impossible that you will be startled by the appearance of a man with a cage-ful of rats, for I know some sporting men who are much addicted to the noble pastime of worrying that animal with dogs. There is an excitement in it, disconnected from the inconvenience of personal danger, which cannot fail to be gratifying to the heart of every true Briton; but it is only, as I am told, in cases where the dog himself is severely mauled before mastering his antagonist, that the *ne plus ultra* of delight is communicated to the practised spectator. Or you may be rendered happy by an interview with a cock-fighter, or a real jockey from Newmarket, or a steeple-chase rider, or a member of the Prize-Ring, for to some great ornaments of these and other professions I have myself been

introduced, at various times, in the rooms of my Sporting friends.

And, on the whole, I think there will be no one disposed to deny, that the number of riff-raff whom these votaries of the turf claim as intimates, is something tremendous in the extreme. I have sometimes wondered what would be the feelings of an affectionate mother, if she could only behold her son sparring jocosely with TOMMY TIPLER, the Barnewell Pet, or presiding at a choice little banquet, where gin-sling is the beverage, and CHIZZLER officiates as Vice.

Perhaps, however, we ought not to dwell too long on those who minister to the pleasures of the Sporting man. In their case we know whom we have to deal with. It is their trade to cheat, their misfortune to be coarse and vulgar. No one, for instance, who boasted a grain of common sense, would purchase a horse of CHIZZLER without first obtaining a warranty, or at all events submitting him to a veterinary surgeon. No man with ordi-

nary feelings of delicacy would think of inviting SPAVIN to supper at his rooms, unless he knew for certain that no undergraduate of respectability was likely to drop in on that evening. It is their education, their pursuits, their views of self-interest, that have made these men what they are. We know them to be unmannered, and unprincipled, and respect them as such, but as for asking them to see us, or meeting them at the festive parties which they frequent, that is quite a different question.

But if there be any one scene more than another calculated to ruffle my angelic temperament, it is the sight of a party of young fellows striving by all the means in their power to ape the conduct of their inferiors in station. Upon these occasions, you almost long for the presence of a few, honest, grog-blossomed faces from the stable, to relieve the scene. You feel that you could bear to hear a few rattling oaths from lips such as those, that you wouldn't so much mind being informed by a

groom in plain terms that he had cheated another groom. But one undergraduate—another undergraduate! *Proh pudor!*

At these banquets, or at any place where Sporting men (and I am sorry to say, sometimes Sportsmen) assemble, such as the *Great Mogul's Head* for instance, the unsophisticated will hear things calculated upon the whole to astonish his weak nerves. He will hear matches planned and bets made, and see money change hands in a way that will altogether surprise him. However, he must not be too hasty, and apply harsh terms to what may be after all viewed in a very different light by his fellow-students. I was myself nearly falling a victim to this mistake the other day. A friend of mine called upon me, and informed me of his having won a large sum of money by what I could not but consider unfair means. "It is a very good imitation of swindling," I said to him. "Swindling!" he replied, "not a bit of it. Served the fool right. He'd no business to make

the bet. I didn't force him to do it. Why, I had the same thing done to me when I first came up by So-and-so," mentioning a man whom I consider it an honour and a pride to be seen walking with. And indeed his view of the case was borne out by all the Sporting men to whom I mentioned the circumstances. So you see how very nearly I was deeming *that* a swindle, which was, after all, by the unanimous consent of those who must be supposed to be better judges of such transactions than I am, a very acute thing.

THE SPORTING CANTAB,

CONTINUED.

I have done that which other great authors have done before me. I have made a mistake. The mistake to which I allude is in the commencement of the last chapter. I there said that I felt a respect for the man who could go over a stone wall without holding on to the saddle. These words ought to have been added, "*if he can afford to pay for the horse which he uses in going over the wall aforesaid.*" This is an important point, and must not be overlooked.

Having therefore rectified this error, or rather omission, it may be expected by some, that I

should proceed to give some account of the outdoor life of the Sportsman. Such indeed was my wish, rather than my fixed intention, for to tell the truth, owing to a habit of tumbling off my horse, which is natural to me, I have never with any success cultivated the sports of the field. It would have been consequently rather difficult for me to describe in appropriate terms the pleasures of the chase—pleasures which I have never once tasted. In this state of circumstances I was relieved from my difficulty by a communication from a highly intelligent American gentleman, who has been stopping in this country for some months, and who has placed at my disposal an extract from the work about England, which he intends to publish on his return to his native country. It appears that amongst other places, he visited the University of Cambridge, and there enjoyed an opportunity of making himself conversant with the habits of the Sporting man. Having said thus much, I make no apology for

appending such passages from his diary as I think likely to interest the reader.

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Dec. 6. Arrived at the University of Cambridge, which is fine upon the whole, though not equal to that of the same name in Massachusetts. I learnt from a young student whom I saw drinking brandy and water in the coffee-room of my hotel, and with whom I fell into conversation, that Greek and Latin are at a terribly low ebb here, and that the Examiners are not impartial men. What a contrast to our own enlightened land, where Professor Ramsbotham of Buffalo, and Doctor Sisyphus Wicks, are known, no less for their erudition than their uniform justice, over all the civilized globe!

Saw an instance this morning of the exclusiveness of European institutions. Three or four young gentlemen walked into the hotel, in gowns of blue, embroidered with silver brocade. Was informed that they were the sons of the British noblemen,

who make a point of dressing them in this way, to distinguish them from the herd of students. How sickening is the adulation of these sycophantic English!

By the way, I got introduced to these three young aristocrats.

(Here follow about five and twenty pages, containing an accurate report of the traveller's conversation with the scions of nobility, including a minute account of their families, ancestral seats, personal appearance, annual income of their parents, &c., &c., which I think it better to omit).

* * * * *

Dec. 7. Went, by special invitation of my friend VISCOUNT BELMONT, to see a pastime which I am told is much indulged in at the various Universities of England, as well as the Colleges of Eton, Winchester and Westminster. It is called Drug-Hunting, and consists in this. A man, mounted on horseback, is sent on about ten minutes in advance, who draws after him a rabbit-skin tied

to the end of a long rope, and steeped in some powerfully smelling drug, whence the name. After the ten minutes have elapsed, at a given signal, a pack of strong and swift dogs are let loose, who, attracted by the odour, run straight upon his trail. At the same time, a large body of students, well mounted, dash after the hounds, who thus act as their guides. If none of these should succeed in catching the rider who has gone on with the rabbit-skin, before he reach a certain point (generally the steeple of a church) which is agreed on beforehand, they all pay him forfeit; if on the contrary, any one catches him, he pays forfeit all round, and a sovereign extra (as my informant stated) to the one that caught him. Of course, a great deal depends upon the swiftness of the horses, but much also on the courage and skill of those that ride them. The post of dragging the rabbit-skin is I suppose (though I have no specific information on that head) taken by each of the subscribing students in turn. The day I was out, it

was drawn by a short, light-haired student, who appeared to be much beloved by his fellows, being called by the familiar name of "Jemmy." He was the only one that acknowledged my presence, which he did by respectfully taking off his hat as I rode up. I have no doubt that he saw something in my appearance, which convinced him that I was of the great American nation. He seemed to be a good-natured well-informed young gentleman, and except that he asked me whether I had got "a bit of smoke" in my pocket, which is an odious coxcombical term, which the upper class of English have adopted to signify a cigar, I had no fault to find with his manners.

By the side, rode a benevolent-looking, middle-aged gentleman of portly figure, whom from his exercising considerable authority in the field, I presume to have been an university officer (*Proctor* I think they call him) sent out to superintend the sport, and see that no accident happens. A very prudent precaution this.

When we had ridden for some miles along the great mail road to Huntingdon (Lord B., I, and the other two gentlemen, were considerably in advance of the rest of the party), we all stopped at an inn, which it appears had been agreed upon as the starting post. We had not been here long when about twenty more students, in various costumes, galloped up to the door, and amongst them was one who appeared to be the acknowledged head of the club, whom, from his supercilious manner, and the contemptuous tone in which he addressed me, I imagine to have been a Duke at the very least. The student, "Jemmy," having here taken leave of us to set forth on his neck-or-nothing ride, we spent the interval in imbibing Guinness, half-and-half, Betts' brandy, and the other British national drinks. Some of the young gentlemen present would not have done discredit to the wild orgies of our own enthusiastic Kentucky. They laughed loudly, and swore, and poked each other with the ends of their hunting

whips, making pretend to fence with those articles as with small swords, and considering it apparently as the height of the fun, when one or other received a smart rap across the knuckles. Whenever a fresh party dropped in to order more "goes," I observed that each and all of them stared at me as though I had been, not a citizen of the freest and greatest country in the world, but an opossum or a negro. There was a stout, ruddy-faced girl too, serving out the drinks, at whom they leered prodigiously:

At length, after nearer forty than ten minutes had been spent at this kind of work, the signal was given "to horse," and we all trotted about a hundred yards down the road, to the place where the hounds were to be let loose. This was done in a whiffy, and off they dashed across hedge and ditch, followed by the mounted students, with the exception of one fat little fellow, who appeared to be unable to screw his courage to the sticking point, for after having tumbled off his horse at

the first fence, he wisely came back again into the road, through a gap, and set off in the direction of home. With this exception, and that of myself and the University Proctor before alluded to, the whole body sped away like a flight of arrows. The Proctor had agreed to conduct me down a bye-lane, by pursuing which route we should not only be able to see the greater part of the run, but also have the advantage of witnessing the finish. Now although I could easily have over-matched any of these young Europeans in the art of riding, yet, as I had somewhat injured my leg the night before, I thought it best to close with his offer. We soon arrived at a situation, which afforded us a view of the whole field, and a beautiful sight it was to see that compact body of horsemen dashing as if for very life, over the rising wheat. I observed that there were some three or four leading the way, who turned neither to the right hand nor the left, but put their horses at every jump in gallant style, and stuck to them like a mustard

poultice. Behind these, again, there came another body who did not ride quite so boldly as the first lot, but managed to get over their leaps nevertheless. And last of all, there came three or four (who had talked most largely about their prowess at the inn) who turned pale with horror and affright whenever they came to a jump, most commonly breaking through the hedges and widening the gaps, and doing, I should imagine, more mischief to the farmers than all the rest put together. Every now and then I could see one of these drop off, and rise begrimed with mud, and one in particular I noticed, who after he had met with an accident of this kind, took up two or three handfuls of dirt, and plastered them over his horse's head and chest, no doubt to induce the belief that they had both come down together. The thing that astonished me most, however, was the presence, or rather the absence of hounds, for of these animals there were only two that could at all keep up with the huntsmen, and these two,

when I last caught a glimpse of them, were running in different directions.

After trotting on for some time at a brisk pace, we stopped at last at a gate, where the Proctor told me it was probable that they would all cross the lane. The scene which here presented itself was so peculiar and, at the same time, characteristic of British civilization, that I may be excused for dwelling upon it for a moment. Fancy twenty fellows—ragged and dirty, as you see the misgoverned Irish represented in the prints—armed with huge sticks and stones, yelling forth hideous cries, and thirsting for the blood of their enemies. Such were the bandits whom I beheld drawn up in battle array, within a few miles of her Majesty's University of Cambridge. Amongst them there moved a man, dressed like a farmer, who appeared to direct their evolutions, and was no doubt the Captain of the Gang. You can imagine nothing more hideous and repulsive than the faces of his men; and I thought that they looked at the

Proctor as he rode up to them, with an expression of a particularly sinister kind.

I confess that on first catching a glimpse of these ruffians, I formed the intention of turning round my horse, and galloping as fast as I could in the direction of home. Seeing, however, that no one made any attempt to step out of the ranks and seize me, and that my friend, the Proctor, had already gone up and addressed the ringleader, I determined to draw up within a few paces of the band, so as to be ready either to go to the assistance of my companion (whose courage I could not help admiring) or to provide for my own safety, according as a necessity for either course might arise.

What passed between the two I failed to hear distinctly, at the distance at which I was standing, but the university officer seemed to me to be endeavouring to pacify the outlaw. From the angry gestures of the latter, I gathered that he refused to be talked over, and that he would per-

sist in his original intention, whatever that might be. Meanwhile my thoughts insensibly reverted to my own sweet peaceful country, and I set myself to think what could possibly be the object of the assemblage of this tumultuous band.

I was not long suffered to remain in doubt. We could now see the Drug-Riders advancing through the field next to the lane. No sooner had the first half-dozen or so crossed the small hedge which leads into this lane on the one side, and, galloping down for a few yards, prepared to leap the five-barred gate at which we had taken up our position, than the villainous cut-throats sprang upon them in a mass. The whole thing was so instantaneous, that we had been unable to warn them of their danger. Besides, I doubt not but that our lives would have been forfeited, if we had attempted such a thing. So that all we could do, was to remain as though impassive spectators of the brutal scene. The sight that met my eyes at this moment would, if described accurately, seem

incredible to a man who deemed the English to be anything but barbarians. Sticks and stones darkened the air—student and bandit were in one place locked together in deadly combat—in another, some horse without a rider was galloping wild and exultant along the road. Blood flowed everywhere like water, and cracked skulls and broken noses were as plentiful as pretty faces in the Broadway. Such ferocity I have never seen, not even in the back settlements of Arkansas or Missouri. Indeed I heard one man declare that he should like to tear out the eyes of the other, from which it is but too evident that the degrading practice of “gouging,” so much censured by British writers, and which flourishes in some of our newly acquired possessions alone, is here at its height, even in the most civilized counties, within a mile or two of the greatest university in the land! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* Oh, these Britons!

After, however, the conflict had raged for some

time, a great change was effected in the relative position of the combatants, by the arrival of the rest of the Drug-Hunters, about fifteen in number. The banditti had evidently not calculated on this reinforcement. They were soon put to flight, and many of them severely handled. About this time my natural valour getting the better of my prudence, I could not help joining in the fight. Like the Prussians at Waterloo, I threw myself upon the flying foe, and helped to consummate the rout. The list of casualties on our side was not upon the whole a large one, and fortunately no lives were lost. After a short delay we retired from the field, victorious and triumphant.

I afterwards learned that the band had attacked them, not for the purpose of pillage, but to intercept their progress, and by direction of the farmers. These latter, being of opinion that drug-hunting is injurious to their land, whenever they can gather tidings as to where the meet is likely to be, assemble their retainers together, and endeavour by

force to repel the huntsmen from their fields. I am told that in these encounters lives are daily lost, but that neither the University nor the Police have any power to stop them. And this in the very middle of the pretended mistress of the world! Oh, the arrant conceit of some nations! Thus ends my experience of the Cambridge DRUG.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CANTAB.

I am not myself a public school man. I am unable to boast that I have received what little learning I may enjoy from any of our illustrious pedagogues, either orally or *otherwise*. There are no reminiscenses of the “silver-winding” Thames, to intermingle with the dreams of my early boyhood; no memories of tall old oaks, beneath whose venerable shade the boys were wont to sit, talking of great men who had sat there before them, in times long passed away; no recollections of dark old mouldering cloisters, re-echoing sadly to the passing footstep; no vision of the Provost or Warden, in all the majesty of full canonicals,

sailing up to the college chapel on a saint's day; no family feeling as connected with my place of education, that my father and grandfather and great-grandfather learned their lessons in the same room that I did, and were flogged upon the same block where I was flogged—none of these pleasing sensations throng my mind at the mention of the familiar word “school days.”

These words rather serve to recall to me a tall square house of modern appearance, built with bricks of a glaring red colour, on the door of which two bells, one labelled “House,” and the other “School,” might be seen by the passers by. They remind me further of a play-ground, strewn with gravel, on the walls of which were suspended the cages which held our linnets and our squirrels—our favourites of the earth and the air. Of a long dusty walk on summer's days, when (with the exception of the first class) we sallied forth two and two, under the superintendence of the red-haired usher. Of one walk, each week, longer

and dustier than the rest, when we defiled in single row down the nave of the chapel of ease, and trembled under the pulpit, vibrating to the preacher's blows, and listened deferentially to the snoring of the master's wife. Of dreadfully bad dinners awaiting us on our return, and beer that was more like senna and salts than what it professed to be. Of puddings that we used to call by ingenious names, such as "hide and seek," in which the currants, few in number, were supposed by a pleasant fiction, actually to secrete themselves from our search in masses of adamantine suet. Of being sent off in a troop to bed, at an early hour, and listening from the landing place, with unutterable feelings, to the tantalizing clinking of glasses and plates in the master's parlour. Of tailowing the handle of the door against the usher came to take away our candles. Of all sorts of unromantic and common-place incidents, in a word, much too undignified to be dwelt upon, and far too well known to need repetition.

You see, the probability is that if you set a man talking about his early days, he will talk for a much longer time than you will choose to listen. There is this danger also that he will do what I have done, viz. desert the subject which he proposed to himself at the outset, to plunge into a kind of autobiography. Begging pardon of my reader therefore for so unwarrantable a digression, I will at once inform him of what this prelude of reminiscences was intended to convey. It is this. If a public school man can claim any advantage over him who has been unfortunate enough to receive his education at a private seminary, it will be in the associations of the place to which he looks back as the cradle of his dawning faculties, in the recollection of the great and good men who flourished there before him, in the aspirations which will thus be fostered within him, in the determination not to disgrace that great training school, which *they* have adorned by their talent, or exalted by their piety. If he

must be constantly talking and boasting in our presence about Harrow, or Eton, or Winchester, let his boast be founded upon considerations such as these, and we will listen to him. We private school boys have no *quid pro quo* to offer, we have manifestly the worst of it, and can no more exalt our festival of fireworks and currant wine on the fifth of November into a *Domum or Montem*, than we can venture to term Dr. Jones or the Rev. John Robinson, *a rival Arnold* or *a second Keate*.

But when (as I have constantly observed to take place at breakfast parties and other dense assemblages of Cantabs) I, A. B., educated at Dr. Hicks's Academy, St. John's Wood, shall find myself the astonished centre of a party of public school men, on what think you will the conversation for the most part turn? Let us suppose that they are Etonians—what will form the theme of their discourse? The genius of Canning? The poetry of Gray? Will they favour you with descriptions of the old “Montem,” or talk pleasingly

and sensibly of the good to be derived from a residence amongst those classic shades? No such thing. They will gabble together about COTHERSTONE MAJOR—how he licked a bargee; about SWABBS who had the reputation of getting his tutor's fat Scotch cook with child; about BOGLINTON who was six feet high, and had fags when he was himself in the Lower School—you all the time knowing no more who COTHERSTONE and SWABBS and BOGLINTON are, than you do who is the ruler of Rome at this present moment.

Now, suppose just for one single instant, what would be the result if I were first to catch my Etonian or Harrovian, and then turn him loose in the midst of a party of eleven of us young gents brought up at Dr. Hicks's: Suppose further, that we were to form ourselves in little knots round him, and discuss our adventures at the apple-woman's round the corner, or detailed how we smuggled in toffy through a chink in the play-ground wall. Is it not probable that he would go

away under the impression that we were exceedingly ill-bred young fellows, to be continually harping upon a theme, in which from the nature of circumstances, it was impossible for him to join?

Not but that I am ready to confess that with all men, the remembrance of their boyish days forms an unfailing subject of discourse. The propensity to talk in this way is, I daresay, as common to the HICKITES as to the ETONIANS; but then you see there are too few of the former at this university to enable them to gratify those propensities to the annoyance of the rest of the company; whereas the latter are so numerous, that I absolutely turn pale with affright and apprehension, whenever I am invited out to breakfast at the rooms of one of that fraternity.

Let my public school friends pardon me for thus adverting to their failing—a failing which though they share it with many others, they have an opportunity of rendering ten thousand times more prominent and disagreeable than any one else.

No well-constituted Englishman would think of talking Latin, or whispering, in mixed society. *Verbum sap.* To us the stories of KNOX, and WIGGINS, and STIGGINS, are as an unknown tongue.

If I could indulge in the hope that these few remarks of mine would lead to an alteration in this respect (however slight), if I ventured to expect that, for the future, the Undergraduate fresh from Eton or Harrow, or Westminster, would talk less "shop" than formerly, and confine himself to subjects in which the minority of his guests would be on a par with the majority, I should not regret that I had addressed this short word of remonstrance to the PUBLIC SCHOOL MAN.

THE MODEL CANTAB,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AUTHOR.

Μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον is, as I am informed by my classical friends, an old proverb which being interpreted, signifies “A long book is a most dreadful nuisance.” Now, without venturing to question the applicability of this proverb to the time when it was originally written or spoken, I am yet of opinion that its ingenious author, had he lived at the present day, would have taken a slightly different view of the matter. He would have directed his attention to the small books instead of the large ones. He would have exclaimed, *Μικρον βιβλιον μεγα κακον*, which being freely interpreted, might be taken to signify,

"The elementary treatises—the shilling books at the railway stalls—the Social Zoologies—the Men in the Moon, *et hoc genus omne*, are indeed most dreadful nuisances."

Should I be unhappily followed in this latter view of the case, the fate of this little publication is of course certain. To those however who feel inclined to condemn it without reserve, I would respectfully say, "Pause and reflect! Remember the golden rule of acting towards others, as you would have others act towards you. You may write a shilling book one of these days yourself. Nay, judging from the number that are constantly being issued, the probability is that you *will*. When that day comes (and it may come sooner than you expect) may it be your proud boast that you have merited the favor and goodwill of the public, by the uniform indulgence which you have yourself extended, towards those who have been placed in a like painful predicament."

I could not however conclude this short series

of sketches, which I feel to be miserably imperfect (for are there not the Cricketing Undergraduate, the Musical Undergraduate, the Theatrical Undergraduate, the Literary Undergraduate, the Sizar, the Johnian, the Queen's man, and many other species of Undergraduates still untouched upon?), without holding up to the notice of the reader a specimen of the **MODEL UNDERGRADUATE**,—whom he may propose to himself as an example for imitation, and safely copy in every particular.

Big with this idea, which became the more firmly fixed in my mind, the more I considered the importance of working it out, I sought the society of all those with whom I could claim acquaintance. I frequented their breakfast parties, and asked them in return to mine. The extent to which I drank fiery wines and smoked British cigars, would do credit to some of our very fastest men.

Not content with this mode of proceeding, I enrolled myself as a member of several of our

clubs and societies. The Backgammon Club, the Cornet-a-piston Club, the Geological and Anatomical Society, the United Society of *Belles Lettres*, and many others, that the time would fail me to enumerate. I sought the *Plough* at the epoch of the boat races, and dined with our club at the end of the term; I danced at the Bachelor's ball, and prayed in some of our most frequented churches and chapels of ease. In short, I neglected no effort to bring to light some individual capable of sitting for my proposed portrait of the MODEL UNDERGRADUATE.

But my endeavours (as is for the most part found to be the case) were miserably unsuccessful. It would be impossible to detail all those cases in which ultimate disappointment followed upon the first joyfully conceived hope that I had found my man. One or two instances, however, I may be permitted to cite briefly, as they will serve as specimens of the rest.

In WILKINS I thought for some time that I had

discovered the Model Undergraduate. With commanding talents and agreeable manners, was united, in his case, a soul capable of appreciating all that is truly high and ennobling in art. The productions of Landseer or of Wilkie, he deemed good enough in their way, but it was before the paintings of the ancient masters, especially those of the Dutch school, that he would stand for some time as though entranced. Through his instructions I was not long in perceiving that in such pieces as "*the Blind Fiddler*," or "*the March to Finchley*," there is nothing great, classical, soul-elevating—qualities which rather attach to representations of naked nymphs, mediæval saints, interiors of Flemish cottages, and the like. He taught me, that to be good, a picture, or a statue, or a building, must be either ancient or strictly in imitation of the antique. In a word, I was so much pleased with the taste and good sense of my preceptor, as well as flattered by the interest which he evidently took in my progress towards a

sense of the Ideal and the Ennobling, that I determined to select him as the hero of this chapter, and with this intent, after inviting him to my room, commenced reading to him extracts from that work in which it was intended that he should play so conspicuous a part. He expressed himself delighted with my offer, and sank into an easy chair, chuckling (as I then thought) at the idea of the treat which I was about to give him. For some time "all went merry as a marriage bell," there was scarcely a sentence but was punctuated with an "Excellent!" or a "Bravo!" from the mouth of Wilkins, and although after a few pages I missed these interruptions, yet I did not doubt that he was all the while silently enjoying what—perhaps from fear of being thought to flatter—he refrained from commending openly. But alas! how were my expectations disappointed. To use the next line in the poem, to that which I have quoted above, and which is equally applicable, "Hush! hark, a deep sound strikes like a"—not

exactly like a “funeral knell” either, but more like a person snoring—yes indeed, I shudder to use the word, but so it was, *snoring!* On looking up I found that my friend (if I can any longer make up my mind to call such a fellow by the term *friend*) was asleep. Here was a pretty confirmation of his pretended taste for all that is Great and Ennobling. The Impostor!—of course I at once erased his name from my list of candidates for the Model Undergraduateship.

In the case of Pidcock my disappointment was, if possible, still greater than in that of Wilkins. Learned without conceit, and deeply read without pedantry, he was the delight not only of his intimate friends, but also of the numerous circles in which he casually made his appearance. He was at once a Dr. Johnson in all but roughness, a Don Juan in every-thing except vice. He had furthermore endeared himself to me by many courteous acts, so that no one will feel any surprize that upon the failure of the miserable

Wilkins, I should have selected him to fill the vacant post. Indeed, I actually went so far as to draw up what I conceived to be a fair outline of his character, to which, that there might be no mistake about the individual whom I was holding up as an example for your imitation, I added a description of his face and person. This description, at a convenient opportunity, I placed in his hands, thinking it but just that he should see what I had written about him, before the operation of printing rendered it impossible for me to make any reasonable alteration that he might desire.

My friend had not read many lines of the chapter, when he suddenly started up with the exclamation, "I think, Smith, you have made a mistake here." "Indeed!" I replied, "pray to what part do you allude?"

"To that in which you give a portrait of my personal appearance. See here. Listen, 'He is about the average height, compactly but not

clumsily built; the expression of his face is not upon the whole unlike that of the distinguished statesman, Sir James Graham.' "Well," said I, "you surely don't object to anything in that?"

"No, not at all—that is all very well. But here comes the objectionable part, 'His hair is red, and a pair of enormously bushy whiskers ornament his cheeks.' Now, upon my word, I think that if you look at my hair, you will find that you have made a mistake. You will, upon my word." "Well, really," I answered, laughing, "I can't see what you mean. Pray, now what colour should you pronounce it to be yourself. Not red?"

"No."

"What then?"

"AUBURN."

"What do you say!"

"I repeat it—Auburn."

"Pidcock, my boy," said I, "it's foolish quarrelling about a word. We will, if you please, leave out the description of your face altogether, and so avoid a dispute."

"No," he replied, "that is a compromise which I shall not submit to. If I appear at all, it shall be with the description left as it is, with the sole change of *auburn* for *red*, in relation to the hair, and *neatly trimmed* for *enormously bushy* with respect to the whiskers. On no other condition will I consent to sit as your model."

As I could not, upon principle, agree to this, the negociation was of course at an end, and I was left once more to my own resources, to ferret out an individual suitable for my purpose. The above furnish only two out of many examples which I could give of the harassing nature of this pursuit. It is true that by noting down the chief good qualities and virtues of my various friends, I might have worked them all up into one compact and ideal portrait of perfection. But, upon the whole, there are great disadvantages attendant upon such a plan as this, and as it struck me that it would be better to hold up the portrait of a flesh and blood man, than a shadowy outline of perfection itself;

so, I determined, like the Indian on the track of his foe, not to rest until I had hunted down the man who, I was sure, must be somewhere or other before me.

Suddenly my good Genius whispered (and strange it is that he should never have made the remark before), that the person whom I sought was actually *with* me. That he had been with me for a long period; for twenty-four years and four months. That he ate when I ate, drank when I drank, and was carried off to bed when I was carried off to bed. In a word, that it was *myself*.

With this straight-forward and sensible remark of the Genius, it is needless to say that I at once acquiesced. With the joy caused by the discovery was, however, mingled a sense of shame at not having made it before this. I felt too much like the old gentleman who has been looking about for his pair of spectacles, and finds at last that he has them upon his own nose. I was determined, therefore, to atone for this want of penetration, by de-

scribing my character (now that I had, as it were, got hold of myself) in as accurate a manner as possible, and without the slightest particle of conceit or affectation. Egotism of any kind, it is quite needless to say that I abhor. Whether, then, the portrait which I am about to offer to your notice be a correct one or not must be decided by those who enjoy the privilege of my acquaintance, and who, I am quite sure, will acquit me of any intention to magnify my good qualities unduly, or to put forth claims to which I am but slightly, or perhaps in nowise, entitled.

To commence, therefore, with what we will by your permission call thus:

SECTION I.—OF MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND MODE OF DRESS.

I stand five feet eleven inches in height (six feet two in my Wellingtons), and though corpulent, as I have before taken occasion to remark, yet not so

much so as to appear in any way unwieldy or ungraceful. My hair is as dark as ebony; my eyes are of a deep and languid blue colour, and my nose, which some detractors have not hesitated to object to as a "snub," would, I am quite sure—if it were only possible for us to conjure up the faces of a few departed Athenians—be found to be built and bridged, strictly after the most approved Greek model.

With regard to dress, I have always felt it to be a duty to follow the fashions of the place in which I was residing. At the University of Heidelberg, I was not ashamed to adopt, in common with others of my countrymen, the cloth caps, the baggy trousers, the blouses, and the meerschaum pipes, to which the students of that seat of true learning are so inordinately attached. In Turkey, I unhesitatingly acquiesced in the turban of the natives; and at Paris, should most certainly have started a moustache, but for circumstances which it would be useless to specify.—Not that I would

advise any one to follow this rule too closely, as it might lead to consequences which the refined mind shudders to contemplate. Amongst Hottentots, for instance, one might decline reducing one's wardrobe to the solitary article of a fig-leaf; nor, indeed, should I much relish the process of adorning myself with the scalps of my enemies, as would appear to be the custom with certain degraded tribes. These, however, are extreme cases, with which the reader and I will probably never have anything to do. Generally, it may be laid down, that that mode of dress is the most suitable which seems most in accordance with the taste of those around you.

Agreeably to this great principle, from the moment that I was admitted a proud and happy member of this University, I have never ceased to adopt those *distingué* garments which serve to mark out the Cantab in every quarter of the civilized globe. My coat is neither a frock coat, nor a cut-away, nor again a shooting jacket, but a sort of

compound of all three. My waistcoat, which is made of a rough material, and reaches almost down to the knees, is ornamented at the sides by several huge flap pockets, and further beautified by a long row of glistening buttons, which have been recommended to me by my tailor as quite *selon les regles*. My trousers fit tightly over the boot;—but of these it would be impossible to attempt a description, some being of plaid, others striped, others again of magnificent and striking patterns. A very loose yellow and blue handkerchief, tied in front with an enormous bow, permits the whole of my alabaster neck to remain on view, and my head is surmounted by a hat of the glossiest white.

My shirts, on which I much pride myself, are of three kinds or styles. The PURE, or plain white cambric for home consumption; the ORNAMENTED, (to borrow a term from the sister art of Architecture) embodying figures of ladies' hands, ship-cables, small nosegays, and the like; and the

FLORID, breaking out into tortuous serpents, cabbages, cricketers, ballet-girls, and trifles of that sort. Of these the ORNAMENTED are pronounced by Wilkins to be most in accordance with the principles of high-art, inasmuch as the artists employed upon the FLORID occasionally outrage nature in their conceptions. I have, for instance, a specimen of this kind, the pattern of which is intended to represent a rose, a tulip, and a dahlia, tied together. It will hardly be believed that they are designed so large, as only to admit of their occurring three times on the same shirt. Yet such is the fact. The first appears on my chest, the second is situated between my shoulder bones, and I sit down upon the third and last, whenever I take a chair.

With respect to jewellery, I purchased some time ago a forty guinea watch-guard, but upon its being represented to me by a sensible friend that it was imprudent to carry about an article of such great value, I procured a second at an outlay of three pounds ten, for daily wear, so as to save the

other, which I now keep locked up in my case, where no possible harm can come to it. My studs, of which I have twelve pair, vary in size and shape from the dog's-head for morning use, to the enamelled serpent of evening costume. With regard to my hands, from a desire to follow the prevailing mode in all things, I am not always particular to keep them clean to a nicety; but when I pass them over my face, which I take especial care to do every now and then, the sparkling of the ruby and diamond rings upon my knuckles serves to call away attention from what some carpers would be disposed to call a defect—namely their dirtiness.

Over my other habiliments I most commonly wear a thick over-coat with large buttons, each about the size of an old fashioned crown piece; and although I am not, upon the whole, shortsighted, I have of late seen the propriety of carrying about an eye-glass, which, while it effectually prevents me from seeing any object clearly, is still

of considerable advantage on those occasions, numerous enough, when I want to stare at the women. At such times it is wonderful to what an extent the *lorgnette* will enhance the brilliancy of an eye which, like mine, is already piercing by nature. I have known females, as though in a trance, actually cross over to the other side of the street, under the effect of it.—But I am telling my Cambridge readers about the death of Queen Anne.

My toilet-table, as the great store-house from which all the aids to manly beauty are drawn, it will not be proper to leave wholly unnoticed in a description of this kind. It is furnished with a row of bottles, containing scents of divers kinds for my kerchief, and pomatum—or perhaps I should rather say pomata—for my hair. In the centre is my ring-stand, on the right and left my jewel cases, and at divers points are strewn brushes, combs, silver-topped soap dishes, and other articles, in luxurious profusion. By the

way, some impudent persons have suggested that it would be better for me if I used the waters of Cologne less, and the waters of the Cam more. But the remarks of this class of individuals are wholly unworthy of attention. Billy KETTLE, for instance, is constantly scrubbing his hands and face, till you would think that there would not be a finger or a feature left. Go into his bed room at what time you please, you are sure to see that infatuated youth standing over his basin, with his sleeves tucked up, like one of the witches over the cauldron in Macbeth. But *cui bono* I should like to know? When he has got his hands so delicately clean and white, where are the rings to put on them. *He positively wears none.* Here is a person to talk about social refinement and elegance, and that too to Cantabs of the nineteenth century!

I was actually about to conclude, without speaking of my cane, and yet this would have been as bad as to omit the part of Hamlet from

the play, or to get up a public dinner without H.R.H. of Cambridge to officiate as chairman. This aforesaid cane is indeed to me, as well as to the majority of my fellow-students, a source of delight which I feel myself wholly incompetent to describe. It serves to rap my booted legs as I walk out, and my teeth, as I sit in anywhere upon a visit. It is equally efficacious to correct the amorous and other excesses of my poodle, as we saunter down the King's parade together, and to poke my friends jocosely in the ribs as we meet upon the lawn of the Plough Inn. The maintaining of these canes costs me almost as much as it would to maintain a horse, or a constant succession of umbrellas. As I invariably make a point of never purchasing any but such as have gold heads, losing them as invariably after the second or third day, you may judge what the expense must necessarily be. But this is a mercenary consideration, and as this volume is not designed for the use of such as pay ready money, but solely

and exclusively for my Cambridge friends, I regret that I alluded to the circumstance.

You will therefore, if you are guided by me, at once proceed to purchase a cane, "if indeed you are not already provided with one," as the advertiser in the *Times* says of his St. Leger neckcloths. For although it may be an expensive article to be constantly replacing, especially where a man rejoices in a multitude of good-natured friends; still, is it not nobby? Let that decide you. The sound of that majestic adjective NOBBY has prevailed upon Cantabs to commit a great many more acts, and purchase a great many more articles, than you in your philosophy might be led to imagine.

SECTION II.—OF MY METHOD OF SPENDING THE DAY.

"He who loses an hour in the early part of the morning, will be running after it the whole of the rest of the day." Such is the sage remark of

some old author, probably Shakespeare. Now, I make a point of never losing an hour at the time referred to. I am too well employed for that—I am asleep.

Seeing, however, that by an inscrutable decree of Providence it is rendered, I will not say incumbent upon us, but at all events highly desirable that we should, at one time or another, rise from our beds, I have selected, after due consideration, twelve o'clock as the hour most suited to my convenience in that respect. In the first place, I am not rendered uncomfortable by the prospect of too long a day lying before me; in the second, the sun will have risen to just sufficient height for the morning chills and vapours to be dispelled; and, in the third place, it is the hour adopted by most of my friends for undergoing the disagreeable process of bursting from their slumbers. My first act after setting foot upon *terra firma*, and forming a hasty toilet, (I call it *la petite toilette*, in contradistinction to *la grande*,

which does not occur till by and bye,) is to encase myself in a huge dressing gown of flowery pattern, which my too-partial admirers have done me the honor to declare is completely identified with the very idea of my existence. [Certainly, when I have completed my two great works, on Political Economy and the Use of the Globes, I shall cause myself to be painted in this dressing gown. The poets, Cowper and Gay, you will be pleased to recollect, are always depicted in their night-caps, and our friend and benefactor, Dr. Paley, in his three-cornered hat. But this is neither here nor there.]

After breakfast it is my custom to read works of a light and improving nature, until the time has arrived for me to dress for my daily walk. This last-named process, or rather sacrifice to the shrine of the graces, generally keeps me occupied for the better part of an hour. After which, my saunter, which I look upon not so much as a means of improving my health, as affording an

opportunity of meeting my various friends, of whom I possess an almost indefinite number. Whenever we meet in this way, we always make a point of standing together for some time on the pavement, of which we occupy the greater part, interlarding our conversation with criticisms on the dress and figure of the various passers by, or, if preferred—in case the reader lodges in a large thoroughfare, as I do,—there is a method of spending the intervening hours between breakfast and dinner, which is not wholly disagreeable. It consists in leaning out of the window, and expressing your opinion of every woman that passes, in audible terms. This is a very favourite amusement with young men of the University, and you will be strictly following the fashion in taking to it. I see grounds, however, for recommending a slight change in the usual mode of carrying it on. It is this.—Do not express your opinion, unless it be a favourable one. To hear—“What an ugly woman!” or perhaps something worse,

pronounced by a dozen mouths above her, cannot be anything but unpleasant to the mind of a well-constituted female. But what delicate young lady —one of the reader's sisters, for example,—would object to the expression, "What a slap-up gal!" or, "Isn't she a stunner?" interchanged amongst each other, at the tops of their voices, by a party of young fellows at the first-floor window. Of course, she cannot object. It is a tribute of admiration, and it is not in the nature of woman that she shonld.

Notwithstanding the remark which I took occasion to make in my paper on the "Fast man," I will at once confess that I am not myself particularly partial to a dinner in the hall of my college. Not that my motives are at all similar to those which would appear to keep some persons away; on the contrary, they are formed upon grounds diametrically opposite to those which I have sometimes heard adduced. My opinion is, that the worthy Cook of Trinity charges too little, not too

much; I wonder—not, as some do, that with his opportunities he should have amassed so paltry a sum,*—but rather that he has anything at all to call his own. Consider the feelings of a man compelled each day, *nolens volens*, to furnish five hundred undergraduates with as much beef and mutton as they choose to eat, at the trifling charge of about two shillings a head—(to be sure vegetables, ale, &c. are extras—but what of that?) consider, I say, the feelings of this man, as he watches joint after joint disappearing from his view, as he hears the distant rattling of knives and forks, and knows that the war of extermination is going on, as waiters dash in pale and begravy'd, and the cry is still for *more!* When you think of all this, you will do as I do. You will give him your ticket, as it were, and keep

* A mere £30,000., I have heard in several quarters. This is what some persons have termed *rich!!* To refute this absurd position, it is needless to remind the reader that many peers, and those too by no means the most wealthy have as much—A-YEAR!

away. You will not help to rob the poor man, I am sure. When he shall have succeeded in making his complaints heard, and the College has consented to his charging a remunerating price for his articles, then indeed you may go and dine with a pure conscience. But until then, if you must dine in hall, dine entirely on extras, or "sizings," as we call them. Press not upon that care-worn, grey old man. I use the word "grey," because, though I never set eyes on the cook himself, the fact was revealed to me in my soup (soup is an extra) the other day. To be sure, on second thoughts, that lock of hair which I so affectionately cherish, may have belonged to one of the subordinates. Well, let us hope that it is so.

I am aware that, in opposition to this, it may be said, that at a place of learning it is desirable for every thing to be as cheap as possible—that considering the number (five hundred) for whom dinner is daily provided, beef and mutton might be furnished at a much cheaper rate than two shillings

a head, which is the sum usually charged when only five or six persons sit down at a coffee-house to a joint—that an eminent London hotel-keeper has actually declared that he could supply the dinners of Trinity College at ten-pence a head, and still make a handsome profit—that it is the interest of the Authorities to keep up the present high range of profits, because it is of them that the cook rents his place—that some of the articles in the bill of fare are set down at a price which would provoke mirth, if it did not rather call for indignation—that a pair of soles, which in the market might be bought for a shilling, are charged *three shillings and sixpence!*—a pair of skinny fowls and a few slices of ham *twelve shillings!*—that the price of food is that of a besieged town, not a liberal university, *etc. etc. etc.* All these arguments I have heard at various times; but as a signal proof of their emptiness and falsity, it may be permitted me to remark, that I have invariably triumphed over those who have adduced them. On stigmatizing

them as Radicals and innovators; on reminding them that Trinity College is a time-hallowed institution, and not to be rashly meddled with by hands profane; on appealing to my Bible, and pointing out to them how it prophesies of those who shall "speak evil of dignitaries"—upon adopting this line of reasoning, I have always found that my opponent walked off in silence, a sure indication that he was foiled with his own weapons, and had not got another word to say.

With regard to my method of "killing time" between four o'clock and six, it would be of course impossible for me to lay down any general rule. Let it suffice, therefore, to say, that it is employed at all events profitably. Sometimes I improve my mind by the noble game of chess, or my eye and hand by the still nobler pastime of billiards. At others, eschewing "wines," I embrace the opportunity to sit down, with a few friends, to a pipe and a social glass of whiskey, of which the first steadies and sobers down the mind for the evening service,

and the second raises an appetite for the dinner which is to follow. So that you see how amusements, which are sometimes termed trivial and pernicious, may, in the hands of a philosopher, be made subservient to a great end.

At chapel, rightly judging that, as attendance is made compulsory, it is by no means necessary for us to ape a devotional spirit which we are far from feeling, I make a point of attending very little to what is going on around me. I rise and sit down, and kneel down at the appropriate moment for each of those postures, in quite a mechanical way. Provided I have a nice acquaintance beside me to talk with, and the man in the desk gets through the service as expeditiously and with as little noise as possible, I for my part am content; and I believe that this is the case with most of us. So little of truth is there in the remark, that we are disposed to grumble at those spiritual exercises which the wisdom of our superiors has imposed!

Sometimes indeed, so far from grumbling, I am

rather pleased than otherwise at finding myself in the College Chapel. This is the case whenever the extreme fervour, or loud responses, of any "religious" man calls down our mirth, or the presence of a pretty girl in the stalls makes the service pass more quickly than it would perhaps do, without some such adventitious aid. Sometimes even my pocket has benefited by my devotions, for I have made a pretty bet or two in that corner of our sacred edifice which is called by a name unpronounceable by the godly lip.

In all this, however, I take especial care not to render myself obnoxious to my friend and DEAN by imitating the conduct of certain Undergraduates, whom I cannot but consider profane,—pulling each other by the nose—upsetting the forms—letting fall their books purposely with a loud flop, and talking of their love adventures in a loud tone, as they sometimes do. I am glad to say that this school of devotion is gradually going out of date. These wild freaks of our forefathers are silently

vanishing before the efforts of a new generation of chapel-goers, whose conduct and demeanour I cannot too highly commend. These last, thrusting their hands deep into their pockets, and screwing up their mouths, from the commencement of the service to its close, assume the appearance of men who desire to bear patiently what they cannot avoid, and endure that without a murmur, from which no murmur, however loud and deep, could procure them an exemption.

After chapel (which must, at all events, be allowed the merit of giving one an appetite,) I hurry off to the enjoyment of my evening meal. Upon this, the most delightful portion of my day, I shall not attempt to enlarge; suffice it to say, that, like all other Cantabs, I am an admirable judge of wine.

Dinner being concluded, it is my custom to listen eagerly for the sound of a harp or violin outside the window. I am acquainted with most of the itinerant musicians, who make our streets

melodious at nightfall, as well as ventriloquists, delineators of Irish character, and jovial souls generally. Not unfrequently, I have indulged in a dance together with a select party of friends; but as this species of amusement was most commonly terminated by a breaking of glasses and decanters, I have proscribed it, at least in my own apartments, where the fun did not appear to me to be after all so very great.

It may be alleged indeed that the hard-working Johnian above me, and the two men on each side, whose rooms are separated from mine only by a thin partition, (which I have already bored through with gimlets in several places) may not be able to carry on their investigations as well to the sound of the fife and the drum, as without those accompaniments. This objection has, in reality, been brought under my notice more than once by conscientious friends. But to this it may be safely replied, that habit is everything; a barrister is as well able to collect his ideas amidst the

bustle of a court, as you and I in the solitude of our chambers; a general gives his orders coolly and collectedly, undismayed by the roar of cannon; despite the snoring of his congregation, a country parson is still found to persevere—and I cannot see, for my part, why the same rule should not be made to apply to the reading men just alluded to. They hear my cornopean and violoncello of a morning—(I am just commencing these two instruments)—they are enlivened by a comic song or two towards chapel time, and by lots of speechifying after dinner. What possible annoyance then can they derive from a little mixed concert interspersed with vocal efforts, at a later period of the evening? Is it not rather reasonable to suppose that they are now so accustomed to noises of various kinds, as to be unable to pursue their studies without them; and that in case of a more quiet occupant succeeding me in the possession of my rooms, they would either migrate in a body elsewhere, or, giving up reading as a hope-

less job, under the altered state of circumstances, plunge at once and head foremost into the waters of the Cam, where the cap and gown of the Johnian, and the hats of the two others, floating on the surface, would reveal their melancholy fate? Could I pardon myself for such a result? Never! No, don't let us even risk it; so, Mr. O'Rafferty, give us *The Black Joke*, with drum and trumpet accompaniments, if you please! Mr. Jones, we shall afterwards trouble you for your celebrated entertainment of the *Menagerie*, introducing imitations of the lion, tiger, and other favorite animals! Now then, gentlemen, here's a glass of champagne for you—and strike up!

Well, with these and other harmless modes of recreation, the evening wears on, till, at about two or three o'clock, I find it almost time to think of retiring to rest. Sleep, however, is out of the question, till I have smoked my last cigar, which I invariably do in bed, with a tumbler of hot brandy and water on a chair beside me, for occa-

sional reference. For some time after I came up to the University, I had my fears lest, in indulging myself in this practice, I should run the risk of setting the house on fire. But the discovery of a good means of escape out of the back window, and the reflection that I have nothing valuable to lose, has since happily removed all grounds of alarm on that score.

As for my prayers, which may be supposed to constitute the last act of my well-spent day, I regret to have to admit that I have of late fallen into the habit of not repeating them at all; an omission which is the more to be deplored, inasmuch as formerly I was extremely regular in the performance of this duty, invariably reciting them at the conclusion of my cigar, and hot toddy, when so much was my mind predisposed to the reception of religious impressions, that I have known myself to shed copious tears, and, on more than one occasion, went off to sleep; a result which is known to be often brought about by

excessive mental emotion. This then is the day of the MODEL MAN. If you deem the individual who spends it in this, or a somewhat similar manner, to be unworthy of your acquaintance, you had better issue cards of invitation to about three-fourths of your friends, give them a farewell dinner, with hock and champagne, and rising, after the cloth has been removed, inform them in a neat speech, that you are extremely sorry but that you feel yourself bound—*to cut them for ever!*

SECTION III.—OF MY MENTAL CULTURE AND COURSE OF READING.

Trifling and twaddling as this work is no doubt found to be, (in the opinion of every one except its author,) we are now approaching a part of it to which I must beg to call your most particular attention.

In short, I have a few words to say upon that especial mode of mental culture which, from its

having proved so entirely successful in my own case, I have been induced to recommend to you. At the same time, I would have you to understand that I do not set up for a quack; I neither profess to turn you out wise, and learned, and good, in so many lessons, nor do I lay out my receipes for sale, (if we except the sum that you have paid for this book—by the bye, I hope you *have* paid for it!), so that what I am now going to say, must be set down entirely to the score of a pure and enlightened philanthropy.

That there is a pleasure to be derived from the pursuit of literature, is a truth which the bulk of mankind seem rather disposed to take for granted at the lips of philosophers, than to learn by actual experience. Nor is it by any means uncommon to hear a person of considerable natural talent lament his want of information upon certain ordinary topics, a tolerable insight into which he might acquire, with but comparatively little trouble to himself. The reason of this apparent inconsistency

is obvious enough. Our first approaches to learning have been rendered so rugged and tangled in our school-days, that we are unwilling to pursue any longer a path of which it seems that we shall never surmount the difficulties; a paradise, green and flourishing, lies before us, if we will only persevere; but the shades of Achilles, and Ajax, and Epaminondas, terrible names, that we were wont to parse and scan beneath the magic influence of the cane, stand there like the angel with the flaming sword, to prevent an ingress, and drive us back again, sick at heart and disgusted with the result of our puny efforts. Pardon me the use of this metaphor, but confess—Is not the case as I have stated it? With what feelings are the most beautiful descriptions of the ancients associated in your mind? Do you enter, I should wish to know, more deeply into the arguments of Cicero, from the fact of some of them, and those too the most lucid and beautiful, having been communicated to you *a posteriori*; or is your keen perception of

Homer heightened by the recollection of having had to learn such and such a passage, in a dingy school-room, of a fine summer's afternoon, when you wept hot tears over the old, blotted, dog-smeared book, as you heard the boys outside roaring at their play.

I remember hearing a story of a classical old gentleman, who owned some land close to the seaside. This land, for some reason or other, he did not wish to be trespassed upon; yet, despite all the innocent fictions of steel traps and spring guns which he adopted, it continued, greatly to his annoyance, to be infested by vagrants of every description. At length he hit upon the expedient of setting up a board with these words written upon it in large letters—"BEWARE OF THE πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης," which inscription—from its mysterious nature, and the dreadful uncertainty which attached to the thing of which they were told to beware—so worked upon the minds of the vulgar, that trespass on that particular slip of ground be-

came unknown, and the old gentleman lived untroubled with vagrants during the whole of the rest of his existence.

Now, I believe that there is a deeper moral contained in this little anecdote than you might at first sight be led to suppose. Not only the vagabonds on the sea-side, but thousands of respectable and amiable men, have been driven back from the path which they were pursuing, by a like inscription—not actually painted upon a board before them, but deeply impressed on their minds,—“Beware of the *πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης!!*”—Those identical words drove me out of the Iliad, some time since, when I took it up to see whether I could not read it, and feel interested, just as at any other book. At the sight of that tremendous expression, the Greeks—their tents—the weeping old priests—Apollo walking along the summit of Olympus—everything in fact vanished from before me, and I was standing once more in a corner of the school-room, with a paper cap on my head—

the terrible old pedagogue was walking up to me as of yore, with a cane in his hand and a rap on the knuckles for every syllable, as he repeated his pressing enquiry “And now, Sir, what is πολ-υ-φλοισ-βοι-ο — θα-λασ-ΣΗΣ?” Great Heavens! I feel my knuckles tingle now!

But if my success with Homer is small, in the case of Virgil I fare still worse. *There* the very first line on the very first page scares me away. It is equivalent to a “NO THOROUGHFARE” applying to the whole work, and denying me entrance. I remember being called upon to construe that odious line, “*Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*,” which in my youthful ignorance I rendered “Thou, O Tityrus, reclining under the shade of a wide-spreading birch,” using the word “birch” by an irresistible attraction, as I suppose, instead of “beech.” But my mistake cost me dear, as was soon proved by my venerable preceptor exclaiming “Very well, Smith. I shall now proceed to place *you* in the same situation as Tityrus; *you* shall be

put beneath the shade of a wide-spreading birch." Why say more? I was led to the block—the victim of a bad pun. But mark the result! That block will be to me through life an effectual stumbling-block in the way of reading Virgil.

I could point to a hundred passages of this kind—landmarks still left behind, how that the vast ocean of classical knowledge with which I was deluged in my childhood, has entirely passed away—I could point to a hundred such passages, which stare me in the face every time I open a Greek or Latin book. But, fortunately, no proof whatever is needed of the truth of my assertion, viz. That our first advances in the path of learning are made too arduous for us to be likely to persevere, when once the taskmaster with his thong shall have been removed, and we have it at our own option, to go forward or to stand still. If such proof were needed, I could quote the complaint of many a promising youth, whose faculties have been nipped in the bud by a too sharp setting-in of scholastic

frost. "Hang it, Smith! I know I ought to be reading something—but somehow I *can't*." Half the Undergraduates in the University are of this number. I am one of the number myself. My energies were wasted at school—at Salamanca House School, under the Reverend Dr. Hicks, a fiery Orbilius with a stiff white neckcloth; who, I remember, used to come into the school-room to thank Providence in a long and elaborate grace, once a day, for giving us boys such a good dinner, before adjourning to the parlour to eat his own; and who walked about the playground, comparing himself to Cincinnatus, and picking the radishes out of the boys' gardens, to take in for his own tea. There it was that my energies were wasted. I stand before you a pumped-out-man—pumped out of everything, at least, but the milk of human kindness; of which, I hope to convince you that I have yet a few drops remaining, by the disinterested advice which I am about to offer.

Of all the Undergraduates of this University, I am decidedly the one who has acquired the greatest reputation for proficiency in polite literature. Particular branches, such as mathematics, for example, or the dead languages, may be cultivated by other students with greater success, but in general information it has been allowed by most men that I stand without a rival. I am, in fact, what is commonly called "a general reader." If you were to ask a member of Trinity College who was the most promising mathematician of his acquaintance, he would answer—WATSON; if your question referred to classics, the reply would undoubtedly be—WHYMPER; but supposing after these two you put a third query, and demanded to know whether there were any young man of signal abilities at present in Cambridge—not, perhaps, strictly devoting his attention to subjects included in the University course, but promising *in other things*—the answer would in that case at once be—SMITH, of SMITH HALL.

How I acquired this reputation, I will at once proceed to explain to you; and permit me to remark, by the way, that the eminence which one man has attained to, another may hope to reach. At all events, though I be a shining and no-wise approachable star, you will shoot higher, by aiming at me, than by sending your arrows in despair along the ground.

When, upon my first arrival at this University, I was released from the absolute necessity of studying classical and mathematical works, I soon became convinced that the subjects of which they treat were useless, and worse than useless. I found that, so long as I had the money, I could always procure a suit of clothes, without having to address my tailor as Μωνογς, with the real Athenian accent; that it was no kind of inconvenience to me not to know the Latin for a sausage, when I went into a shop with the intention of purchasing one. Under these circumstances, I determined to betake myself to some course of

reading which should be at the same time more agreeable to my feelings, and more likely to be of service in after life. But what to select? Ay! there was the rub.

The whole of the Waverley Novels I had read at school. Of Bulwer I had no experience (except one very beautiful novel, "Paul Clifford," which we devoured on the sly), the head usher having declared them immoral, and prohibited their introduction in consequence. He was well qualified to judge; and I am quite confident it was from no cursory perusal of their contents that he was induced to form his opinion. Of the works of James too, I was acquainted with but a very small portion—perhaps not above thirty volumes on the whole. Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Edgeworth, Maryatt, and D'Israeli, were quite unknown to me; so that, in case of my taking up this line, I had at all events a very fine field before me, in which to carry on my operations.

While I yet remained undecided, the thought

very forcibly struck me that as I intended going to the bar, all kinds of knowledge would be useful and especially that which is to be derived from novels. How could I cross-examine, in a case of breach of promise, for instance, without some conception of the leading principles of love? How could I succeed in putting a jury into good humour by my jokes, unless I had first read my DICKENS? Or acquire a good sound practical acquaintance with vice, (in order to be able the better to expose it,) unless I had perused a few French romances? Or ever hope to become an eloquent and polished speaker, without first studying the soliloquies of BULWER? The time would fail me in multiplying the instances of benefit accruing from individual works of fiction. *Ten Thousand a Year* will furnish you with a knowledge of the law of descent; *Coningsby* with a knowledge of politics; *Mrs. Gore*, of fashionable life; *Captain Marryatt*, of shipping (highly serviceable at the bar); and so

on. There is, in fact, no romance or tale from which a man does not rise with his faculties sharpened in some way or another, and it must be confessed that they are, most of them, very easy reading.

Influenced by these considerations, I commenced with a little light skirmishing amongst the works of Albert Smith, Eugene Sue, and Reynolds, proceeding afterwards without delay to attack my JAMES.

JAMES is to the aspiring novel-reader what the Differential Calculus is to the Mathematician: the Law of Real Property to the Barrister; the Speeches of Thucydides to the Candidate for the Classical Tripos; and those of Mr. Chisholm Anstey to the Reporters in the House of Commons. It is hard work while it lasts, but once over, and you know that the worst is left behind. Henceforth, all is plain and easy sailing. Let the student once carefully get through his JAMES, and I should

not be surprised if he managed to read Mr. Lester's late publication on the British Poets, or the "Man in the Moon." These, however, are extreme cases.

At the conclusion of JAMES (still following the plan which I myself adopted with such good results) the student will do well to commence his regular course with the fathers of English fiction. DE FOE and RICHARDSON you may pass over for the present; for, notwithstanding the high commendation passed by Dr. Johnson upon the morality of the latter, I am not such a Goth as to suppose that morality should go for anything, in a work where we very reasonably look for nothing but amusement. In such a case, Morality is found to be, if not a disagreeable intruder, at all events an individual whom we don't particularly care about meeting in such an out of the way place. Upon these grounds, I cannot too highly recommend the novels of FIELDING and SMOLLETT, where this disagreeable interloper will not be present to mar our enjoyment. Especially, let me direct your attention

to the conversation of Joseph Andrews with his mistress; the account of Booth's incarceration in the Fleet Prison, as given in that touching fiction "Amelia"; the Adventures of a Lady of Quality, in "Peregrine Pickle"; and the interview between Tom Jones and Molly Seagrim in the copse, as correct portraits of the manners of our great-grandfathers and their ladies. If you rise from a perusal of these works with anything like the proud feeling about your ancestry with which you sat down to them, either I am much mistaken, or you are no better than you should be. And thus you perceive how another very great result may be brought about, by a comparatively trifling outlay of thought and labour.

After FIELDING and SMOLLETT, you will have your choice between LEWIS's Monk, a novel very deservedly popular at the commencement of the present century, and the Tales of PAUL DE KOCK and BALZAC, which enjoy a high reputation at this moment. The latter are perhaps preferable, as

giving you an insight into the manners of existing Frenchmen, but the former is also a work of great imagination and beauty. There are, besides, the Mysteries of several cities, which you will do well to look into at the earliest opportunity—The Mysteries of London, by Reynolds—the Mysteries of Paris, by Sue—of Vienna, Madrid, Stockholm, and Berlin, by various authors. There are also the Mysteries of St. Petersburgh, and Baden-Baden, advertised to be shortly cleared up; but of course it is impossible to speak of any but such as have been already brought to light, and of these it is sufficient to say that they are chaste, elegant, and entertaining. Independently of which, there is the whole range of modern fiction open to you. The conflicting statements set forth in these great masterpieces of the human mind, will furnish you with the perpetual means of exercising your own faculties in a healthful and agreeable way. For instance, you will see in *Ten Thousand a Year* how none but Tories can be good and wise men,

and every Whig is by nature a fool and a vagabond, a truth which will not be so vividly impressed on your mind when you have read some of the works of REYNOLDS; in *Pelham* you will be given to understand that none but the fashionable and the handsome can be truly happy, whereas in *Vanity Fair* you will learn a lesson of an entirely opposite character. You will not fail to perceive how useful it will be to you to unpick the arguments by which these various conclusions are established, and build up, upon the fragments, a firm and well-established system of your own.

In a word, by pursuing a course of light reading, I have arrived at the reputation which I at present possess, *viz.*; that of being the best informed man in the University. I have scraps of knowledge on almost every point, scraps of history, of biography, of politics, of science, and being careful to dispose them to the view as much as possible, they appear, though trifling in themselves, to be but as specimens out of some great store-

house within, from which I could draw forth unlimited quantities of the article, if I felt so disposed. There are so few Cantabs who have read deeply enough to detect a superficial man, that I think a smattering of various subjects to be the legitimate object of your efforts, since it costs but little trouble to acquire, and carries with it the same reputation as Profundity.

But I have not a moment to lose. This chapter must be cut short at least twenty pages before I intended that it should come to an end, in order to admit of its being sent by the steamer. I hear the bell ringing at this moment. One quarter of an hour more, and it is gone.

May I then, before taking a final farewell, be permitted to express a hope that my friends at Cambridge will purchase a few copies of this invaluable little treatise. Though the produce of its sale will not be perhaps sufficient to pay off all my debts, yet will a little timely assistance enable me to procure a box of cigars, and a bottle or two

of champagne, luxuries which, coming as I do from an English University, I terribly grudge paying ready money for, in this out of the way place. But here there is no trusting—except in Providence; and very little of that, I am sorry to say.

In conclusion, the MODEL UNDERGRADUATE pulls off his hat, (white with black crape round it) and, waving to you his scented and jewelled hand, wishes you—ADIEU!

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

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